CONGRESS DEFIED.

EXECUTIVE AT WAR WITH LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.

Notifies the Law-Making Power That the President Will Veto the Cameron Cuban Resolutions, Holding That Recognition of a New Nation Is an Executive Function.

Washington ,Dec. 21.—The statement made by Secretary Olney Saturday with reference to the senate Cuban resolution is a subject of earnest discussion. On some hands his position is fully sustained while on others it is admitted that perhaps from a purely technical statement of law the secretary's position is correct, but that certainly he violates the principle of the constitution. Those who make this contention reverse the circumstances. Supposing, they say,

SECRETARY OF STATE OLNEY.

that the president declared that he intended to recognize a republic, and that congress should pass a resolution declaring it their judgment that no such action should be taken, would it be possible for the president in face of the position of both senate and house to use the executive prerogative and recognize a republic? This constitutional point has for the time being been supplanted in interest the resolution itself, and it is known that when the resolution is brought forward for discussion a debate of considerable interest and length will ensue on this subject. Olney's statement has stirred congress as it has not been stirred for years on a point of this kind. Senators and representatives who talk against Olney's position are indignant and astonished.

Fith of the Secretary's Statement.

The statement, as far as its material points are concerned is as follows: "The power to recognize the so-called republic of Cuba as an independent state rests exclusively with the executive. A resolution on the subject by the senate or by the house, or by both bodies or by one, whether concurrent or joint, is inoperative as legislation, and is important only as advice of great weight voluntarily tendered to the executive regarding the manner in which he shall exercise his constitutional functions. * * * * Unless the advice embodied in the resolution shall [illegible] already reached and officially declared, the resolution will be without effect and will leave unaltered the attitude of this government toward the two contending parties in Cuba."

Likely to Increase the Friction.

Another thing that will increase the friction comes by copyrighted Associated Press dispatch from Madrid where "the explicit announcement is made that Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish minister at Washington, has telegraphed to his government here that he had a conference with Mr. Olney, the secretary of state, in the course of which the latter assured him that Spain might rest tranquill until March at least, since, despite the attitude of congress, President Cleveland would not recognize the independence of Cuba."

Resolutions That Are To Be Passed.

The resolutions are as follows, the words "republic of" in the first resolution were put there yesterday by the committee. In the second resolution the word "should" was changed to "will" "use friendly," etc.

"Resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the United States, in congress assembled, that the independence of the republic of Cuba be and the same is hereby acknowledged by the United States of America.

"That the United States use its friendly offices with the government of Spain to bring to a close the war between Spain and Cuba."

CULLOM'S VIEW OF THE CASE.

He Tells a Little Story to Illustrate How It Looks to Him.

The sentiment among the senators is well illustrated by the remarks made by Senator Cullom on the secretary's statement: "I have just read it," said he. "It seems to me a most extraordinary performance on his part. He says that if the resolution adopted by the senate committee on foreign affairs recognizing the independence of Cuba should be adopted by the senate, it could be regarded only as the opinion of the gentlemen voting for it. He makes the same remark as applicable to the house, if that body should pass it, and finally he says that if the joint resolution should be passed by a two-thirds vote over a veto by the president it would still be regarded as inoperative and taken as mere advice. To me this is a new doctrine.

"I am reminded by the course Mr. Olney has taken of a reading clerk in the house of representatives of our state legislature some years ago. I happened to be speaker of the house. Members were in their turn introducing bills. Finally a bill was introduced and the reading clerk was directed to read it a first time. He read a section or two of the bill, and suddenly turned around and said: 'Mr. Speaker, there is no use of reading that bill; it is unconstitutional.' Mr. Secretray Olney proposes to tell congress befor the bill has come to the senate that there is no use of considering the bill; that the president, who is now absent, would not regard the act if passed over his head, except as a little unasked advice. * * * * When congress passes an act either declaring war or for any other purpose, it is the constitutional duty of the executive to enforce it."

The argument of the men who are astonished and startled at the doctrine enunciated by Olney is based on the constitution. Particular attention is called to the paragraph of the eighth section of the first article of the constitution, which declares that congress shall have power " to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by this constitution in the government of the United States or in any department or office thereof."

Attention is also called to the fact that nowhere in the constitution is the president given any exclusive authority to deal with foreign nations, this being merely a custom which has grown up, his only authority according to the constitution being to appoint diplomatic and other officers, and then only by and with the consent and advice of the senate. On the other hand, congress is specifically given the authority to punish offenses against the laws of nations, to declare war, to raise and support armies and the navy, to make rules for the regulation of the land and naval forces, etc.

In reply to a question of a Cincinnati newspaper Senator Sherman wired: "There is no foundation for the statement that congress may not, if it will, recognize the independence of a new nation; nor do I think Mr. Olney contests it, but he thinks the matter ought to come from the president. If, however, congress should pass a resolution and the president should veto it, it can be passed by a two-thirds vote of each house and would become a law which the president must respect and obey."

Of the senators who commented on the Olney statement Chandler was most radical. He was sorry that there was not time this congress to impeach the president if he vetoes such a resolution. Impeachment talk, however, was quite general among the radicals on the Cuban question.

THOSE WHO AGREE WITH OLNEY.

They Quote Authorities in His Support—Ex-Judge Cooley's Views.

On the other hand those who agree with Secretary Olney quote precedent in his favor. For instance, here are some of the authorities:

In Wharton International Law Digest is quoted Secretary Seward's letter to Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, April 7, 1864, as follows: "The question of recognition of foreign revolutionary or reactionary governments is one exclusively for the executive, and cannot be determined internationally by congressional action."

The following decision of the supreme court of the United States is also quoted: "In political matters the courts follow the department of government to which those matters may be committed, and will not recognize the existence of a new government till it has been recognized by the executive."

A telegram from Cincinnati says that Judge Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, has wired his opinion to a paper there as follows:

"The power to recognize belligerency and the lawfulness of action in defence of a government alleged to be de facto must devolve upon the executive power of the country, which can recognize no belligerent governments until the fact is clearly made known to it that there is in existence a government maintaining itself and enforcing its au- [illegible] but the executive power is not complete and final. The sovereign legislative power must provide for final intercourse, and pass laws for the purpose; laws which the president would be impeachable if he should not join in executing. What he does in recognizing a new nation is clearly in part legislative, and the action taken, if taken by the president alone, would be so far defective as to be impossible of execution without being perfected now or in the future by the sovereign legislative power.

[Signed.] "THOMAS M. COOLEY."

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS.

Will Go into Liquidation—Its Surplus of $1,000,000 in Peril.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—The National Bank of Illinois did not open its doors this morning. The prospect is that the bank will go into liquidation. The clearing house committee believes that by reason of unwarrantable and injudicious loans the $1,000,000 capital and the $1,000,000 surplus have been seriously imperiled, if not entirely lost.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Financial circles in this city were not startled by the difficulty of the Illinois National bank, but the subject is the principal one discussed among the financiers, owing to the large interests involved. The clearing house banks held a meeting yesterday afternoon and upon the recommendation of the clearing house committee, which had made a thorough examination of the affairs of the National Bank of Illinois, the clearing house banks were advised to advance 75 per cent on all claims against the National Bank of Illinois which shall have been certified to by the receiver as being on deposit in that bank. The general sentiment of opinion was that the depositors would receive their money in full, and that the bank has now on hand cash to the amount of nearly 40 per cent. of its entire liability. No banks requested any assistance from the clearing house yesterday and the statements published on the call of the comptroller of the currency at the close of business on the 17th inst. show very strong reserves.

Five Lives Lost.

New York, Dec. 21.—The explosion of a piano lamp on the second floor on the four story residence 514 East Fifty-eighth street, resulted in the loss of five lives last night. The dead are: Aaron Goldsmith, 45 years old; Chlotilde Goldsmith, his wife, 33 years; Bertha Goldsmith, 10 years; Harry Goldsmith, 8 years; Frank Goldsmith, 6 years.

Receiver for a Stock Man.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Judge Hanecy appointed a receiver for the property of John G. Taylor, a stock raiser of Kankakee, Ills. The receiver was appointed upon application of the Commercial National bank, of this city, to which Taylor is indebted.

Costly Masonic Hall Burned.

New York, Dec. 21.—The Masonic hall at New Brunswick, N. J., the largest building in town, was destroyed by fire at 1 o'lock yesterday morning. The edifice cost $300,000, was five stories high and was filled with occupied offices. The loss is about $400,000.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Law Makers.

Washington, Dec. 17. — Mitchell of Oregon introduced a bill in the senate giving veterans of the war preference on all government positions, if competent. The pension appropriation bill was passed as it came from the house. Vest precipitated a debate on tariff matters that occupied the balance of the session. An executive session was held.

In the house Bailey of Texas introduced a resolution for an investigation of what is the matter with the battleship Texas. Apropos of this Secretary Herbert says there is nothing the matter with the Texas; that the stories printed about her are false. The house put in the rest of the day principally to a clause in the army appropriation bill to abandon the military hospital at Hot Springs, Ark., without decisive action.

Washington, Dec. 18. — The senate's day's work consisted of the passage of the Lodge immigration bill, which now goes to conference. Its chief feature is the requirement that all immigrants must, before they are admitted into this country, read and write five lines of the United States constitution in and language they may prefer. If they fail the steamship company bringing them must take them back. An executive session was held. Adjourned to Monday.

The house passed the army bill and made good progress with the legislative, executive and judicial bill. Several resolutions relating to the inauguration of McKinley were passed. They refer to railway accomodations for visitors, decorations, etc.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The house put in yesterday on private bills, pension and otherwise. The bill to pay Flora A. Darling $5,683 was laid on the table. She is the widow of a Confederate officer and the money, which was in state bank notes, was taken from her in 1864. At the day and night sessions forty-nine pension bills were passed, one giving General John Gibbons' widow $100 a month, and another General W. A. Nichols' widow $50.

Washington, Dec. 21. — The house Saturday adopted a special order for taking up the Pacific railroad funding bill on Jan. 7, and for a debate of four days. The consideration of the Loud bill relating to second-class mail was set for Jan. 5, and 6, with a final vote on Jan. 6. Saturday was given to appropriations bills, the urgent deficiency being passed and the legislative, executive and judicial advanced to nearly completion. So many of the members of the house have already left the city that nothing will get through this week except on unanimous consent—one man can stop legislation. No work is expected in the senate.

Washington, Dec. 22.—In the senate yesterday Cameron introduced the Cuban resolutions adopted by the senate foreign affairs committee with a long report justifying the same historically. Vest started to made a speech against Olney's position on the question, but Hale objected and Vest put off his speech for a day. The resolution by Call asking for a report on Am[illegible] citizens held in Spanish prisons [illegible] agreed to. Hill and Cullom intr[illegible] [illegible] ency of the Cubans. Bacon introduced one asking the judiciary committee to investigate the issue between Secretary Olny and congress. A few minor bills were passed, an executive session was held and the senate adjourned.

The house nearly completed the legislative, executive and judicial bill and refused to put the employes of the congressional library under the civil service law. The senate amendments to the immigration bill were non-concurred in and the bill sent to conference. Bartholdt making a speech against the amendments and declaring that it was the foreign-born vote that "saved the party and the country" in the November election.

IN GOV. BRADLEY'S STATE

They Lynch People Three at a Time Once in Awhile.

Russellville, Ky., Dec. 19.—The town was full of people all day yesterday. A constant stream of humanity flowed out to where the bodies of Dink and Arch Proctor, father and son, were found hanging to a little cedar tree yesterday morning. Both were strangled. Beneath their feet, which were only about one foot from the ground, was what is called a "silver hat," and just a few feet away was a rope with a noose already prepared. This, it is thought, was prepared for Bill Proctor, who the same mob shot in the back while crouching in a corner of his cell in the county jail.

He called the mob all kinds of vile names and said: "I know my time has come." The cause of the trouble was a double killing on the night of Oct. 24, when Aaron and Lr. Crafton were stabbed in Adairville, twelve miles from this city, by the Proctors. The Proctors a week ago had their examining trial, charged with the murder of Aaron Crafton, and Dink and Bill, half-brothers, were acquitted, and Aaron held over under bond for $2,000.

Their examining trial for the killing of Dr. Crafton was set for yesterday, and it is supposed that the releasing of Bill and Dink on the former charge precipitated the trouble. Five times before has Bill Proctor been tried for his life and each time he has been acquitted. It is said that he has been connected directly or indirectly with fifteen killings in this section.

Surprise for Governor Drake.

Des Moines, Dec. 19.—Governor Drake has just discovered that his daughter, Mary Lord, has been married for two months. The wedding occurred secretly in Denver. The governor had two objections to the wedding—the youth of the couple and the fact that George Sturdivant, the groom, has no settled occupation. He is taking the matter philosophically, however.

Shortages in the City Offices.

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 22.—Investigations made by experts show shortages in several of the departments of the city administration. The city clerk is reported short some $7,000, and the unaccounted moneys in the police court for a single year amount to $1,662. The investigations will be pushed.

Roswell G. Horr Dead.

Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 19.—Ex-Congressman Roswell G. Horr died last night at 11 o'clock, after an illness of two weeks with bronchitis and Bright's disease.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Chicago, Dec. 18. — The Republican state central committee yesterday held two meetings, one in the forenoon and another after dinner, without referring to the senatorship, or at least those of them around the hotel refused absolutely to indicate what they wanted done. Resolutions were adopted thanking Dr. Jamieson, and Chairman Hitch, and Secretary Van Cleave was presented with a magnificent silver loving cup. The afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of the inauguration of Captain Tanner, and the part the committee will play in it. It was proposed to leave the whole matter to a sub-committee composed of Alderman Bidwell, I. J. Copely and J. H. McKinney.

The only information gained was that Charlie Allen, of Vermillion county, was probably in the lead for speaker for the simple reason that he has the backing of the forces that have always contributed to make speakers in the past. Nevertheless Bryan, Schubert, Cochran, Selby and Needles were on hand all day to press their individual claims to the honor of wielding the gavel, and they are hopeful of being elected. Senator Evans was in a more cheerful mood than usual, and said that the combination against him for the organization of the senate was broken. The leaders of the combination strenuously denied that such was the case, and asserted that they were absolutely certain of winning.

INSPECTOR LOCKWOOD IS MISSING.

Connected with the Illinois Auditor's Office —Last Seen at Cairo.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 19.—L. A. Lockwood, employed by the auditor of public accounts as building and loan association inspector, has been missing for several days, and the auditor has become anxious about him. He was last heard of at Cairo, Ills., Thursday morning, Dec. 10, when, it is said, he took a north-bound Illinois Central train. It is customary for inspectors to drop a card, furnished for the purpose, to the office each day. When these cards failed to come as usual the auditor wired to his last known address, the Halliday House, Cairo, and the information given above was received. The auditor has since made telegraphic inquiry of all places where there may be any chance of finding him, but has failed to gain any information whatever in regard to his movements since leaving Cairo, and much alarm is felt for his safety. Any information furnished the auditor's office will be thankfully received. Lockwood was formerly a citizen of Ottawa, Ills., where he was well-known.

Horrible Treatment of an Aged Lady.

Secor, Ills., Dec. 22.—Just before midnight three men broke into the home of Mrs. Caroline Bingler, who lives alone two miles east of Secor. One of the [illegible] seized Mrs. Bingler, who is aged 90, threw her into a dark room, and held her there, stifling her cries and threatening to kill her. Another man went through the house and secured $200, while the third kept guard. The miscreants treated Mrs. Bingler in an inhumane manner, tearing her clothing from her body and beating her terribly. She was bruised about the head and one of her feet so crushed that it is believed bones are broken.

Died from Starvation.

Joliet, Ills., Dec. 22.—Max Braun died at 12 o'clock Sunday night from starvation. Three months ago his stomach refused to retain food. A rubber tube was used with success for seven weeks, after which the food was ejected as soon as it reached the stomach. For the last eight weeks he has taken no nourishment, not even water. Mr. Braun was a wealthy, influential German, one of the original members of the Joliet Sharpshooters and well known throughout German society in the west.

Murder Over a Religious Question.

Cairo, Ills., Dec. 18.—Three men employed by the Illinois Central at Mounds —John Flynn, Michael Linzee and another whose name has not yet been ascertained—fatally assaulted Eric Parker in a saloon here Wednesday. The difficulty grew out of a religious discussion, Parker being a member of the A. P. A. After crushing Parker's skull the men escaped.

Hospital Superintendent Appointed.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 21.—Governor Altgeld announces that the board of trustees of the new state hospital for the insane at Rock Island has appointed Dr. John A. Vincent, of this city, superintendent of the same. Dr. Vincent is a member of the state board of health and one of the best-known physician in the state.

Lockwood Heard from at Chicago.

Springfield, Ills., Dec. 21.—L. A. Lockwood, one of Auditor Gore's building and loan examiners, who has been missing for ten days, has been heard from. A Springfield man has wired Gore that he met him and exchanged greetings with him Friday on West Madison street, Chicago.

Given a Life Sentence.

Clinton, Ills., Dec. 21.—Ed Polen, the double murderer, was sentenced here in Judge Herdman's court to life imprisonment at the Chester penitentiary. The jury agreed after nearly a twenty-hours' session.

State Notes.

"Six months for lying" is the way Judge Tuley at Chicago sentenced John F. Coleman and S. M. Williams, colored. They got an additional six months for larceny.

Emanuel and Thomas Wright are in jail at Alton, Ills., and the citizens are talking of lynching them. They are desperate thieves and shot Chief of Police Kuhn and Officer Budde while resisting arrest. The officers may die.

Mrs. Caroline Bengler, of Secor, Ills., was horribly beaten and tortured by three thieves who broke into her room and stole $200. Mrs. Bingler is 90 years old and fears are entertained for her recovery. The thieves are known.

The sheriff of Iroquois county, Ills., has seized the pacing stallion Joe Patchen at Chebanse, Ills., on claims presented by the Third National bank of Chicago

EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.

The "Tight Little Isle" Shaken by a Tremor of the Ground.

London, Dec. 18.—From Durham to Surrey and from London to the Welsh coast England was shaken yesterday by an earthquake, the most severe on record. It was only slightly felt in the metropolis, but in the mining regions the quake was severe enough to shake down chimneys and church pinnacles and crack walls. One woman died of fright and everywhere people were panic-stricken.

The inhabitants of Slough were awakened by a shock so severe that they thought the Middlesex powder factory had exploded. A large area of ground sank near Stockport, and at Melton-Mowbray the noise which accompanied the earthquake resembled a discharge of gun-cotton under water. Many curious experiences were reported in connection with the earthquake, but no very severe damage was done nor was anybody hurt.

The earthquake shock seems to have been felt in greater or less degree throughout the length and breadth of this island, throwing from his feet the laborer toiling in the highway, and penetrating in its effects to the abode of royalty itself. The shock was felt distinctly at Windsor Castle, and some of the royal household were shaken in their beds.

WISCONSIN LOSES HER SCALP.

Carlisle Indians Show Themselves the Best Foot Ball Players.

Chicago, Dec. 21. — The Carlisle Indians defeated the University of Wisconsin foot ball eleven Saturday night by a score of 18 to 8. Two of their touch-downs were scored in the sceond half by steady, persistent hammering at Wisconsin's centre, the tactics which told so heavily on Yale. The Badgers, who were in none the best of condition, were simply unable to hold them. Wisconsin lost much ground for off-side playing, and in fact a toch-down of the Indians in the first half was directly attributable to this. Karel, as usual, did some brilliant playing for the Badgers, one run of twenty-five yards being made through a maze of tacklers. He was unfortunate, however, in catching punts. Both teams played clean, hard foot ball.

Gompers Gets There Again.

Cincinnati, Dec. 19.—The Federation of Labor settled two matters yesterday —the election of officers and the place of next meeting. As to the first it goes without saying that Samuel Gompers was re-elected president. Nashville, Tenn., was named as the location of the next national gathering. A resolution demanding some important changes in the scheme of government of the United States was defeated, getting 21 votes against 44. This resolution was offered by Ashe, a delegate from Boston, and had its cause of existence principally in the arrest of Debs and others for contempt of the United States courts in 1894.

Explosion in a Mine

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 2.—A terrific explosion of gas occurred yesterday afternoon in Baltimore shaft No. 2, of the Delaware and Hudson Coal company. Over twenty miners were imprisoned, but at a late hour last night fourteen had been rescued alive, and there was still hopes of reaching the others before the deadly after-damp claimed them as victims.

Explosion Kills Four Persons.

Farmersville, La., Dec. 22.—The boiler of Stein's saw mill on Bayou Darbonne exploded yesterday, killing Henry Mason, Red Barr, A. Shields and his son, and wounding Sidney Futch—all colored. Cause of the explosion unknown.

Train Robbers Get Nothing.

Kansas City, Dec. 22.—Local officials of the Wells-Fargo Express company claim that nothing was secured by the train robers who Sunday night held up the Southern Pacific passenger train near Comstock, Tex.

No Pardon for McKane.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 22.—Governor Morton has refused to pardon or commute the sentence of John Y. McKane.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 76¾c, closed 76¾c; May, opened 79¼c, closed 79¼c; July, opened 73¼c, closed 74¼c. Corn—January, opened 23¼c, closed 23¼c; May opened 25c, closed 25⅛c; July, opened 28¾c, closed 28¾c. Oats — December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 19¾c, closed 19¾c. Pork—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $7.61, closed $7.65. Lard—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $3.82½, closed $3.85.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20½c per lb; extra dairy, 17c per lb; fresh packing stock, 8@8½. Eggs—Fresh stock, 18@20c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 9@11c per lb; chickens (hens), 5½c; spring chickens, 6@8½; roosters, 4½c; ducks, 6@8c; geese, 7@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@25c per bu; Hebron, 19@20c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 10@12 per lb; extracted, 5@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 40c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 32,000; sales ranged at $2.90@3.45 pigs, $3.35@3.45 light, $3.05@3.10 rough packing, $3.30@3.45 mixed, and $3.15@3.60 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $3.40@4.00 Christmas beeves, $4.90@5.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.80 good to choice do, $3.95@4.45 fair to good, $3.50@4.00 common to medium do, $3.40@3.90 butchers' steers, $3.85@3.50 stockers, $3.35@3.80 feeders, $1.65@3.60 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.80@4.10 Texas steers, and $2.75@5.40 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; sales ranged at $2.35@3.85 western, $2.00@3.00 Texans, $2.00@4.00 natives and $3.00@5.30 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 21.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 90c; track, 91@93c; No. 2 hard cash, 83c asked; December, 89¾c; May, 89¼@89¾c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 29¼c asked; December, 29¼c asked; May, 27¼@27¾c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 19c asked; May, 20¼c. Rye—37c bid.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 21.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 77½c; No. 1 northern, 81c; May, 79¾c. Corn—No. 3, 22c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18@19c. Barley—No. 2, 34c; samples, 23@31½c. Rye—No. 1, 30¼@30½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Dec. 21.

Wheat—Cash white, 90c; cash red, 90c; December, 90c; May, 89½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Dec. 16.

Postmaster General Wilson at Washington has issued an order for the sale of postage stamps by letter carriers.

Pinkerton men are said to be employed by Spain to watch filibustering expeditions in the United States.

Five people in St. Paul were injured by a cable car accident.

Obituary: At Houghton, Mich., Roland H. Brelsford, 66. At New York, George Catlin, ex-United States consul to Zurich. At La Fontaine, Ind., Edward Moore, 72. At Kokomo, Ind., Postmaster Henry E. Johnson, of Kappa, 33. At Pittsfield, Ills., Mrs. Nancy Ward. At Richmond, Ills., Mrs. Mary Wray Imeson, 80.

The prime minister, cabinet officials and judges will attend the banquet to be given to Ambassador Bayard on March 2, 1897, by the lord mayor of London.

James Florian is under arrest at Chicago on suspicion of having killed Bartender Jahns at the LeGrand hotel.

Thursday, Dec. 17.

It is said that St. Louis is to have a $1,000,000 plate-glass manufacturing company.

William Baldwin has reached Chicago. He is trying to earn $2,000 by making a trip around the world. He started from New York Aug. 2, literally without a stitch. He has to circle the globe in eighteen months and earn $2,000, besides paying his way, to win the wager. He has already earned $732 of the amount.

Lynn, Mass., Populists elected their candidate for mayor by a majority of 1,899. Walter L. Ramsdell, the Populist candidate, received 5,845 votes to 3,946 for Charles H. Baker, the Republican candidate.

Captain Alexander McDougall, the Duluth shipbuilder, says that the twenty-foot channel project from Duluth to Buffalo will never be realized.

James Florian and Vaelar Straka, the men held as suspects in the Jahns murder mystery at Chicago, have been released by the police. There was no evidence connecting them with the crime.

Friday, Dec. 18.

In the United States circuit at St. Louis Judge Adams decided that an accident policy must be paid in a death resulting from wearing a tight shoe.

After Jan. 1, 1897, convict labor will be abolished in New York.

The storm in New England has paralyzed business and tied up traffic.

Five convicts in the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth have been doing a good business making counterfeit $5 bills.

The most important foot ball game of the season for the west is that to be played between Wisconsin and the Carlisle Indians tomorrow night at the Chicago Coliseum.

Obituary: At Geneva, N. Y., Rev. Dr. James Rankins, 68. At Leavenworth, Kan., Dr. Seldon W. Jones. At New York, E. A. Seifert. At Marengo, Ills., Elisha J. Vail, 74. At Palo, Ills., Mrs. Caroline N. Aplington, 74.

The followers of Mahomet are planning to erect a mosque in the heart of New York.

Saturday, Dec. 19.

The snowfall in New York city damaged the underground trolley and demonstrated the superiority of compressed air.

Smokers will feel the effects of the war in Cuba Jan. 1. Tobacconists announce an advance of 25 per cent. on Havana cigars beginning New Year's Day. This is likely to make the pipe more popular.

During the year the total atendance at the Field Columbian museum, Jackson park, Chicago, was 230,387, of which 23,833 were paid addmissions. The highest attendance for any one day was 5,370.

Chicago police are loking for Miss Elsie Warnicke, a 15-year-old girl, who has been missing from her home in that city since last Saturday.

Five members of the Conigsky Dry Goods company, of Peoria, Ills., have been indicted for fraud. The firm recently failed.

Monday, Dec. 21.

Ludwig Hegele, manager of the Constance branch of the Imperial German bank, has disappeared. A deficiency in the accounts of the bank of 250,000 marks has already been discovered.

Silas Hudson, pioneer citizen of Burlington, Ia., died Friday night, aged 81. He was minister to Central America under Grant, and was a cousin of General U. S. Grant.

The Joint Traffic association has granted a rate of 1 cent a mile for the G. A. R. encampment, to be held in August, 1897.

The Methodist, Presbyterian, English Baptist and Episcopal churches at Ishpeming, Mich., have been sold for taxes, and three other churches in the town are in danger of a similar fate.

Three men—W. R. Price and Thomas Clegg, farmers of this region, and Charles Gerbert, a merchant of Sardis, O., were killed, Henry Roth is reported dying and twelve others were made very sick by drinking some alleged whisky made in the Benwood, O., oil fields, which is a prohibition district.

Walter T. Clark, a Chicago contractor, was held up in front of his home in that city and robbed of his watch and $25. It took five highwaymen to do the job.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 34, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Ring out, blithe bells of the New Year!
Ring out to all your summons clear!
Message of hope, despair to quell,
Is borne upon your silvery swell.

Ring, bells of cheer, across the snow
Till with courage faint hearts glow!
Hath friend seemed faithless, love grown cold?
Hast lost that wand of magic, gold?

Saddest of all, hath death snatched one
Whose presence was to thee life's sun?
Yet look not back. The darkest cloud
But serves an azure sky to shroud.

Thy friend his fealty yet may prove,
Love that could change was never love,
And folly 'twere lost wealth to mourn,
While fickle fortune's wheel doth turn.

Grim death, though conqueror of clay,
Bows to a mightier conqueror's sway.
Thy loved one hath but crossed time's sea
To its fair shores—eternity.

—Mary F. Safford.

UNDER A SHADOW.

A NEW YEAR STORY OF MINING LIFE BY FRED COLLINS.

[Copyright, 1896.]

The people in St. Luis park that New Year's eve looking to the east saw under the towering white crests of the Sierra Blanca a high smoke pillar rising with the sky, and it brought joy to their hearts, for it assured them now, as it did after every great storm, that Sim Belden was still alive, still able to grub under the foot of the ever threatening avalanche for the fortune he had left the world to win.

Sim Belden was a tall, handsome giant of 30, who had come from no one knew where. The few who knew him thought

"OF COURSE, PEDRO, YOU WASN'T EVER IN LOVE?"

he was unsocial, and those with whom he traded at Garland believed that he had hit upon a rich find under the snow line, and that he would make it hot for the man who tried to be his neighbor.

Sim Belden had been mining alone in the Sierra Blanca, but during the past 12 months he had a companion, a young Ute lad named Pedro, whom he had found dying and abandoned over on the headwaters of the Del Norte.

When Sim Belden, without any process of law, became Pedro's guardian, that youth's knowledge of English was confined to the one word "damn." His acquaintance with Spanish was a little more extensive. He knew that buenos dias meant "good day;" sabe, "understand;" si, senor, "yes, sir," and dinero, "money." But there is a language of signs which all understand.

Sim had just come up from Garland burdened with a great pack of eatables and a proportionate amount of drinkables, for the traditions of his youth led him to believe that both were essential to a popular observance of the season.

This evening in the cabin, after supper, Sim Belden was unusually talkative, and, forgetting or ignoring that Pedro's comprehension of English was limited, he rattled on like one thinking aloud and wishing for no comment on what he said.

"It's been no end of a fine day, Pedro—just like the New Year eves we used to have back in the Alleghanies when I was a boy like you. But tonight we'll pay for it, and I'm much afraid tomorrow will be a regular old, howling New Year's day."

Seeing that the white man hesitated, Pedro looked wonderingly up and said, "Si, senor."

Sim Belden lit his pipe and throwing himself on a cinnamon bearskin before the fire looked at Pedro for a few minutes and then went on, "Of course, Pedro, you wasn't ever in love?"

Pedro said, "Si, senor," and scratched his head like one perplexed.

"No, Pedro, you don't savey, and I hope you never will. If you should ever be took that way, commit suicide unless you're dead sure. But, then, no one is ever dead sure of a woman, or of a man either, for the matter of that.

"Now, Pedro, I ain't in the habit of giving myself away. I'm one of the kind

"WHITE MAN! WHITE MAN!"

that keeps his trouble to himself, but there's something 'bout New Year's that makes one confidential like."

"Si, senor," said Pedro as he extended his lithe form toward the warming fire.

Sim Belden turned over on his breast, and, resting his bearded chin on his upturned palms, looked at the dancing flames and continued:

"There was never a man loved his brother as I loved my brother Jack. Two years younger'n me and handsome as a picture—no wonder Alice Thorpe shook me for him. But it wasn't fair. That's why I kicked. When our raft went to pieces on the Susquehanna years and years ago, it was Jack that, not caring for himself, dove under the logs and fished me out. But often and often, as I've sot by this fire as I'm doing now, I wished he'd have let me drown. It's no favor to save a life and curse it, and that's what he did.

"Jack was always wild, and when father died and left all the property to me except $5 for him, I put my arm about him and said: 'Never mind, Jack. I'll divy fair. So long as I've got a dollar 50 cents of it's yours.' Then he kissed me like when we were boys, and there were tears on my cheek that did not come from my eyes."

The giant's voice became hoarse, and while he was clearing his throat Pedro gave utterance to his first English word, "Damn!"

"Yes, Pedro, that's just how I often feel. You see I can't blame him for falling in love with her, for heaven never made a prettier to look at; but it was the deceit on both sides. You understand?"

"Si, senor."

"Curious enough, it was just three years ago this very New Year's eve when I discovered them in the hall of her house talking in loving whispers and with his arm about her. My God! I felt like striking the two dead, but I bit my lip till the blood came; then I galloped back home, where my aunt was the housekeeper, for mother was dead. I said nothing to her, but I wrote two notes—one to Jack, leaving him all the property, and the other to Alice Thorpe, telling I'd discovered she was false and asking her to marry my brother. Then I started for the west, and the life before me was gloomy as the canyon depths on a cloudy midnight.

"At first I felt like changing my name; but, as I'd never brought disgrace on it, I let it stand. What matters a name to a man who's left the world behind forever?

"There's the story, Pedro. That's why I'm here, and you're the first and the last human being that'll ever hear of it from my lips. Savey?"

"Si, senor," said Pedro, without the slightest comprehension of the secret that had been confided to him.

Sim Belden was about to speak again, but he was changed from his purpose by a rush, a roar and a crash that filled the air and shook the earth as if the mountain was tumbling into St. Luis park.

"A snowslide! Thank God there's no one on the trail between here and Garland tonight!" Sim Belden sat up and looked at the Indian boy, whose lean face and black eyes were filled with an expression of intent anxiety.

"What is it, Pedro? What do you hear, man? Speak out!"

For reply Pedro bounded to his feet, and pointing in the direction of the trail he shouted:

"White man! White man!"

In an instant Sim had the door open. The whirling snow clouds limited his vision to the path of light before the open door, but above the roaring of the storm he heard the cry:

"Help! For God's sake, help!"

"Stay here and keep the door open!" That is what Sim Belden shouted as he buttoned up his fur coat and leaped down the snow piled trail.

Pedro had no conception of the ordinary measure of time, but it seemed to him that at least a day had passed since the white man had disappeared. At length his heart was gladdened as he saw him breasting through the snow and bearing another white man in his arms.

Sim Belden staggered into the cabin and laid his burden on the fur covered floor, and the instant he saw the face of the unconscious man he dropped on his knees, took the head in his arms and cried out as he kissed the face so like his own.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DEAR SIM!"

"Jack! Jack! O God, it's Jack! Do you hear me? Look up! Here's Sim! Here's Sim, asking you on his knees to forgive him!"

Sim and Pedro stripped off the wet clothes, rubbed the white form till the glow of life came back, and then placed him in a bunk and wrapped him in furs.

By the time a steaming punch was ready Jack Belden rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then from the bunk two white arms were extended, and he sobbed:

"'After years of seeking I've found you, Sim.'

There is nothing more sacred than the tears of honest, strong men.

Pedro looked on in wonder, and, though he could not understand what was said, he realized that one had come who was nearer to his guardian's heart than himself, but he felt no pang of jealousy.

After a time Jack Belden felt strong enough to sit up. He looked at his watch, and, seeing that it was after midnight, he reached out his hand to his brother and said:

"'A happy New Year, dear Sim!' And still holding his brother's hand, Jack told the story of his three years' search, and how only that afternoon he had learned at Garland of Sim's hiding place.

But there was more to tell. When Sim discovered him with Alice Thorpe, just three years before this, he was telling the girl that he had become engaged to her cousin Ethel and was begging her to plead his case with the father and mother of his betrothed.

"Since the day you left, Sim, I've been a changed man, and a drop of liquor hasn't passed my lips. But it is not of myself, but of Alice, I would speak. She was ever true to you, and, though she thinks you dead, she is still true to your memory, and tonight by the fire in the old home, where she gave you her love, she is weeping for a dead one who thought her false."

The storm continued the next day, but in all that wild land no cabin held two happier hearts than those of the brothers reunited under the eaves of the avalanche far up the Sierra Blanca.

Shortly after this Sim Belden sold out his claim and accompanied his brother to the east. They took Pedro with them and sent him to the Indian school at Carlisle, where he became a teacher.

Every New Year he visits his old guardian and his wife, and the children of both brothers love him. His knowledge of English is perfect, and he fully comprehends the story told him by Sim Belden in the mountain shack that New Year's eve.

WATCHING THE OLD YEAR OUT.

NEW YEAR IN PARIS.

An Expensive Occasion For Those With Scant Purses.

If you are ever in Paris on New Year's day, you will be besieged the first thing in the morning by a host of officials and semiofficials—that is, they deliberately clamber up the stairs of the apartment houses on their beats and knock at each door for their dues.

Among the first are two sets of postmen. One set is for the letters and the other for all journals and small packages. Each gets $2 from you. They are an ill paid but not a hard worked lot. If you have received a few telegrams or special delivery letters within the three months, the telegraph boy comes, too, for 3 francs. As to the policemen on the beat, you hand them what you please. In these days of crime on the most frequented streets the police come in for many kind attentions from the trembling upper middle classes. If you keep a dog, who may be always taken up without his muzzle, or if you come home drunk, you will be sure to "gratify" the agent.

The concierge, or janitor, is next to mount and wish you good and happy. Some people, in what they call les bonnes maisons, give up as much as $30 as a New Year's present to the concierge. The concierge is the servant of the proprietor or owner of the apartment house. The wages vary from $40 a year to $400 a year. The concierge has also room rent free as well as light and heat. He or she counts on $100 in gifts from the various locataires on New Year's day, and they receive in stray gifts through the year $150 more upon an average, so that their gifts are greater than their salary.

Your servants in their turn make their own rounds, collecting resolutely from the employers of all these delivery boys cash presents of a great deal higher order. The rule of the servant is that on New Year's she must have a substantial present from every one she comes in contact with. Where throughout the year she has been contented with small but regular commissions on every purchase that she makes for her employers, she now expects a solid gift. Five dollars is a moderate recognition from the butcher and the grocer to a well placed bonne commanding a good trade.

The kiss of peace on New Year's day is given to all female servants, the pretty and the ugly and the just and the unjust. In the Duval restaurants and the Bouillons, where all the garcons are girls, one of the most curious sights of the year is seen on Jan. 1. There is a continual smacking of kisses, varying in sound from the popping of champagne corks to a cow pulling her foot out of the mud. Every customer is bound to kiss the waiter girl. If he neglects to do it, she will remind him frankly. You do not kiss them on the mouth, but on the cheek. Men have been known to eat five meals at the Duvals on New Year's day for the mere sake of these embraces, and to go and eat, against their custom, at the Cafe Riche, where the waiters are but men, in order to avoid the kisses.

All servant girls are not so happy as the pretty chambermaid or cook well placed in a good household, or the bustling Duval waiter girl who saves the refuse wine, both white and red, and makes a kind of claret of the mixture. The poor, plain, inexperienced and gawky peasant girl who comes to Paris must naturally gravitate to be a maid of all work among the petty Paris bourgeois, so close, so avaricious and so greedy. They give little to any one. But those mentioned are not a tithe of the persons who expect to partake of your bounty on the first day of the new year.

A New Year's Superstition.

The English peasantry in some localities had an odd superstition that it was unlucky to take anything out of the house until something had been brought in, so very early in the morning the wights would leap out of bed and rush forth, soon to return with pieces of coal or stone in their hands, hoping thereby to avert misfortune. Here is an old rhyme of warning:

Take out, then take in,
Bad luck will begin.
Take in, then take out,
Good luck comes about.

Opening the Holy Book.

Opening the Bible was an imperative duty enjoined on all God fearing families in the old days. The holy book was solemnly opened before breakfast by each member of the family in succession. Whatever chapter was so disclosed, the finger was immediately pointed at some verse and the text read aloud with closest interest. It was devoutly believed that the future of the consulter would be outlined therein.

Ancient Rome's New Year.

After Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar Jan. 1 was observed as a holiday by the Romans. Ovid tells how people generally refrained from litigation and strife at that time, and there were special religious functions in the temples. Later writers say that among the special observances of New Year's day were exchanges of visits, the giving and receiving of presents and masquerading and feasting. At first the church frowned on any observance of this holiday, as well as of the popular saturnalia festival which preceded it, and Tertullian inveighed against it with his accustomed severity. Chrysostom also preached against it, and numerous provincial councils passed canons against it. But about the fifth century it received recognition from the church, not, indeed, as New Year's day, but as the octave of Christmas and the feast of the circumcision, and as such it is still observed by the church.

New Year's Week In Society.

Nowadays it is fashionable in New York, Philadelphia and other large cities for a hostess who intends to entertain to make up a company and go to the country, either to the hostess' country place or that of some friend secured for the purpose, and there spend a week in plays, sleighing, skating, games, theatricals, hunting and attending the evening entertainments anywhere at the schoolhouses and churches about. These frolics are diversified with all the old fashioned amusements they can hear of, from barn dances in the evenings to straw rides in the daytime. Necromancy, magic, ghost parties and fortune telling, tossing apple skins, naming chestnuts, eating salted eggs, floating apples, drawing straws from the stack, etc., make up a variety that affords endless fun. New Year's in town is rather tame, the usual dinners, gifts and suspension of work being about all that calls for notice.

New Year's In Paris.

The exchanging of gifts, which in England is falling into innocuous desuetude, is kept up in Paris. Parents make gifts of portions to the children, brothers give to sisters, and husbands settle sums of money on their wives. Callers are expected, when not ladies, to make presents at every house they call at, and it is an interesting sight to see carriages loaded with bonbons, candies and sweet meats in the most fantastic shapes and brightest colors, the strangest receptacles for the sweets thus distributed. Le Jour l'An is certain of one day when the home side of the French comes out and Paris is less herself then than at any other time.

Visiting In Persia.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, the visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him, according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of honor.

A True Friend.

He—Mabel, last February you promised to give me your answer on New Year's day. Since then I have generously refrained from seeking your company, and now, my darling, I have come to claim you.

She—Alas! I fear it is too late. You know I've been engaged to Charlie Smith since March.

He—Oh, that's all right. He's a friend of mine, and I asked him to become engaged to you as a favor, to keep the other fellows off.

She—Yes, but we were married last week.

A BARBUDA NEW YEAR

HUNTING WILD GUINEA FOWL AND DEER.

Raid on a Nobleman's Game Preserves. The Parson and the Planter—A Beautiful Insular Domain In the West Indies.

HAT you would not be likely to find Barbuda on the map, even if you took a great deal of trouble to look for it, I will venture to say. It is only about a dozen miles long by three or four in width. A troublesome aggregation of coral reefs in the path of navigation, but it contains more game than all the other islands of the West Indies put together. Small as it is, however, and hot and thirsty as it is, lying right in the midst of the northern tropic, I hold it in affectionate remembrance as the one spot in the world where I had the best shooting of my life.

New Year's week was close upon us, and we were wondering how we could fittingly celebrate with the temperature at 95 in the shade and no air stirring, when along came an invitation to visit Barbuda from the hospitable proprietors. I was then stopping at Antigua, which is a few miles to the south. About 200 years ago the former island belonged to a certain Lord Codrington, a gentleman of the English aristocracy, who built a castellated residence and inclosed a few hundred acres with high stone walls. The Codringtons lived there for perhaps 150 years, and about the best thing they ever did, in my opinion, was to stock the island with choice sheep and cattle from the old country and with fallow deer from their English preserves. When the family finally abandoned Barbuda some 60 years ago, many of the sheep, the goats, the horses and cattle, all their domestic fowls, and even their former slaves, ran perfectly wild and reverted to the savagery of their ancient and respective ancestors.

Wild deer, wild turkeys, wild guinea fowl and wild men—what more could a hunter desire?

At the time of my New Year's visit to Barbuda, it was in possession on lease of two English gentlemen, who divided the labor and shared the profits of this vast estate with its 700 or 800 tenants. One was a practical farmer, who attended to the purely material working of the estate; the other was a clergyman of the Anglican church, who combined in one person the overseer of spiritual and corporeal matters. He had a neat little church and a congregation of 200 or 300, mostly females, and all of them black or colored. There were no other whites on the island than the farmer and the parson. Their sway was despotic, their rule unquestioned, but humane. Like the dumb animals, the black beings showed a tendency to atavism, and it required all the energy of the parson to combat the inherent savageism in them. He labored, as it were, with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other; but his labors were not altogether unproductive. This by the way; for I did not go to Barbuda as a "fisher of men," but as a hunter of deer and wild guinea birds. However, the parson and I had a compact. He was to have me shown all the likely places for the game and I was to regularly attend services on Sunday—a compact both of us faithfully kept.

A sable guide named William Jack was my first cicerone, and he came for me at 4 o'clock in the morning, when all was cool and quiet, and the birds were singing their notes preparatory to the full chorus at daylight. If William Jack had come unattended, he would have been all right, but he brought along his faithful mongrel, Doctah, who caused no end of mischief, though apparently with the best of intentions, for, as William Jack had his "dawg" hitched by a string, and, furthermore, as said William was long of stride and Doctah was short, there was much difficulty in the matter of locomotion. Finally William yanked the Doctah so forcibly that the string parted and the dog hied himself to a neighboring field, where some cattle were grazing, and where the wretch not only worried the beasts, to his great delight, but also frightened away two noble bucks which were quietly feeding in their company. The recreant came back eventually, tail between legs, and William Jack gave him a basting that did my heart good, but it did not avail to recover the lost hour of morning, nor the lost deer. Going still farther, we had the pleasure of seeing two does walk leisurely across a wood path just beyond range, and still later of jumping three deer in a field where at least twoscore women were working. These deer were feeding within gunshot of the women, but without any apparent fear, and it was only when their enemy, man, appeared that they gave leg bail and sought the seclusion of the woods. We walked home in the heat of the day, having secured no deer, but having gained a "heap of sperience," as William Jack said. Experience, however, was not what I was after, as I most forcibly impressed upon my sable friend when I came to pay him for his assistance in gaining that commodity, giving him a shilling less than he would have got if a deer or a doe had been our companion on the return journey.

It was the next and the third day that I ventured forth to hunt the wildest and waryest of Barbuda's denizens, the guinea fowl. A little negro boy was my guide and companion, one who said he knew the feeding places of all the fowl on the island. We tramped over several miles of field, but only succeeded in seeing many flocks at a distance, without getting within shooting distance of any one of these wild African birds. Finally, as we were coming up behind a high stone wall, my little guide cautioned me to be on my guard. Peering over the wall, I saw a group of half a dozen fowl busily scratching in the corn, and at once concluded they were all my "meat" as I drew up my gun carefully and sighted. But I was not prepared for the hurricane of feathers and gust of screeching furies, propelled with the seeming rapidity of light, which tore into the air and away before I could collect my astonished wits. I sent a shot after them, but more from habit than calculation, and had the pleasure of seeing one of them fall to the ground, where it spun round and round on its head till my black boy retrieved it. We put up two other flocks after that, out of which I got one each, and spent the rest of the forenoon in rambling about aimlessly, upon guinea fowl intent, but without success. "Dey is so roam," said my guide, meaning that they were mighty uncertain about their habitat and wandered all over creation.

The three we had "saved," however, gave my boy all he wanted to carry, as they dressed nearly four pounds apiece, and he groaned loudly over their weight as he bravely toted them back to the house in the broiling sun of a tropic midday.

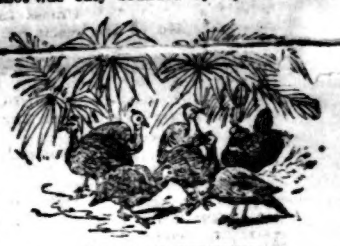
They were served that night at dinner, and it behooves me to remark that I never ate tenderer or more delicious flesh, either of biped or quadruped. But, then, of course, they were of my own shooting, which bestows an added zest. They were served with the sauce of hunger, and after a provocative sherry and bitters, all of which must be taken into consideration. To be strictly first class and traditionally tender, a guinea must be, first, of the feminine gender and young—in fact, a pullet. It must be cooked the same day it is shot and watched over by a sooty cook of the same sex as the bird.

On Saturday afternoon the parson said to me: "My sermon is written, and I need a rest. Come with me to Two Foot bay, and we will have a try for deer." We rode over a disused road to Highland House, and thence to a cow pen, where a huge tamarind tree cast a broad shade and was alive with glittering humming birds.

My friend led the way through thick scrub to a noted deer walk, and there we took our stand just as the shadows were lengthening along the fields. Soon a fine black buck came stepping daintily out of the copse and offered a shot that not even a bungler could have missed. He was a splendid animal, and my gun was loaded for just such as he, and the short way to tell the story is to say that he went home with us behind our negro attendant, sharing with him the horse he rode. One was enough, and to the parson I was indebted for him; so, of course, I willingly agreed with him that it would be wanton waste to shoot another. The sun was only about to set as we took the homeward trail through the bush, which was animated with varieties of birds. As we were crossing an old field, with a single tree in its center, out of that lone tree flew a bunch of guinea birds, going like the wind and screeching like mad things. It was then after dusk, the moon was risen, and all the guinea fowl had gone to roost. While I was telling the parson, as we halted a moment under the tree, how easy it would have been to bowl over two or three of those birds had I but known they were there, out burst another bevy from the limbs right over our heads. The parson then asked me why I didn't bowl over a few and said there were probably some more in the same spot, as that was the only tree in the field. Recovering from my astonishment, I unslung my gun, and as I did so another gust shook the branches above, and a smaller bevy bolted through the air. These did not get away unscathed, and as we continued homeward a pair of them hung at my saddle bow.

Guinea fowl, doves and deer were by no means the sum total of Barbuda's allurements for the hunter, for in the fall and early winter come along great flocks of plover, snipe, ducks and teal, all the winged migrants that coast the shores of the United States in their southward search for a winter home. As for those great birds that hover on the debatable borders of sport—the pelicans, frigate birds, herons, flamingoes and tropic birds, they sometimes swarmed here unmolested and not afraid.

But the bird that gives the best shooting here is the beautiful white headed pigeon, which haunts the sea grape thickets along the shore. The number that I might have shot was only bounded by my ammunition,



GUINEAS IN THE BUSH.

for they were there by hundreds; but, as usual, I was guided by moderation and took only enough for use at our table and for museum specimens.

In an immense cave at the north end of the island, which local tradition states was once the hiding place of Blusbeard when he cruised these seas, were hundreds of great bats, and one I shot measured 24 inches across its outstretched wings. In the old castle, also, they swarmed in the vaulted chambers, creating by the flapping of their wings a sound like the roaring of a storm vexed sea. The castle walls were the haunts as well of large lizards, with now and then tarantulas and scorpions, for, being within the tropics, this bit of paradise had the annoyances as well as the delights of regions near to the equator.

On Sunday, the day after the parson and I had shot the deer and guinea fowl, I attended services at the little church. The sermon was powerful, the preacher eloquent and earnest, but perhaps neither of us gave a thought to the brace of fat birds and the haunch of venison to be served at early dinner.

Full many a time and oft have I thrust my feet beneath West Indian mahogany in the course of several years' travel in those islands, but never with greater satisfaction than that first Sunday of the new year at the hospitable board of my friends, the parson and the planter.

One should kill his own game and work hard for it to fully appreciate its flavor; should wash it down with good wines and have good company to share it. All these concomitants were mine that day, and many days, until the killing of the game became finally a secondary consideration—the daily gatherings at table the real and pleasurable events of the waking hours.

I have often come near to envying my good friends their peaceful, patriarchal life in their beautiful insular domain, and I recall with gratitude the pleasures they made mine in the rides and walks, the guinea fowl hunts by moonlight, the deer stalking in woods and old fields, and finally the home seeking after hours of toil in the heat, the cool evening air, fragrant with the delicious odors of frangipani and acacia blossom.

FRED A. OBER.

Pin Money.

All ladies know what pin money is, but it may be interesting to them to learn the origin of the expression, and also to know that it is directly connected with New Year's day. Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the only pins used by the poorer classes were made of wood. In fact, they were no pins at all, but skewers, which, for the use of the wealthy, were of boxwood, bone and silver. At the period above named the metal pins now in use were invented, and people of fashion were eager to possess them. They at once became the most popular and acceptable New Year's gift for ladies, but it soon grew customary to give, instead of the pins themselves, the money with which to purchase them, and this was called "pin money," a term which gradually came to be applied to all money given to ladies for dress and personal adornment.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—E. H. Sothern in "An Enemy to the King."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Pudd'nhead Wilson."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Julia Marlowe-Tabor.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—"The Nancy Hanks."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Olivette."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CLEVELAND AND THE CUBANS.

It looks as if there might be a deadlock between the President and Congress in the matter of the Cuban resolution introduced by Senator Cameron. [illegible] Mr. Cleveland is mainly responsible in this controversy. He has ignored the wishes of the people and the action of Congress in regard to the granting of belligerent rights to the Cubans, and he acts as if he had some personal feeling in the matter, although, probably, he has none. Mr. Cleveland may belong to that queer class of human beings, peculiar to this country, who have no sympathy with any movement for liberty undertaken by people of colored blood—otherwise mulattoes. There are 700,000 of these in Cuba, and a large proportion of their fighting men are in the field for independence. The late heroic Gen. Antonio Maceo was a mulatto, and we are shocked to find a Southern contemporary referring to him as "a thieving nigger." We sincerely wish that 100,000 such "niggers" as Maceo was could find their way into Ireland and kindle our kindred into a flame of heroic resistance. Really, every time we read of the glorious deeds of the Cubans, fighting against odds of ten to one in a country barely a day's march in width, we feel ashamed of the humiliating position Ireland has occupied in the world's history since 1798. What blight has come over us? Some say "'Tis because of the Orangemen." That can hardly be, because some of their forefathers fought for Ireland in Antrim and Down ninety-eight years ago. Others say, "It is because of the priests." That can hardly be either, for some of the priests were the best generals the '98 rebellion produced, and priests have led successful rebellions in Portugal, Spain, Mexico and Belgium. No doubt some of them are now active on the side of the patriots in Cuba also.

What then is the cause of the decay of Irish revolutionary pluck? We answer—bootless agitation, which has led the people's minds off the natural road to a successful assertion of their rights, such as they were capable of making in 1843, in 1846 and, mayhap, in 1865. This, combined with the evil of emigration—that safety valve to the Irish boiler, ever ready previously to explode—has kept the island quiet, and, to be plain, has, for the present, quenched its martial spirit.

Cuba has had no agitations, except those produced by a free use of guns and machetes, and she is, consequently, in excellent fighting trim, although having considerably less than half of Ireland's population. The Cubans have answered the Spaniards manfully at every point. When the Dons said, "We will shoot you if you don't submit," the Cubans replied, "Shoot away. We can shoot too." And they did. When the Spaniards said, "We will burn your property," the Cubans answered, "We will burn yours—fire is no respecter of persons," and they burned with a vengeance. The whole island became a "living blaze," and it is blazing still. The mulattoes and their white allies have set an example of heroism to the whole world. This heroism displeases Cleveland. He has no use for heroism. He never took any stock in it. As a bullet stopper he is not an exemplar. He sent a substitute to the war, to catch bullets in his place.

"The neighing steed the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast—
The charge and dreadful cannonade"—

have no charms for old Grover, otherwise Stephen the Fat, of Buffalo. He prefers to sit by his own fireside, when he isn't shooting ducks, and dangle a lady baby on his massive knee. Oh, Grover knows what is good for him.

Besides, King Stephen knows that McKinley is a fighting man, who sniffed the villainous saltpetre through four years of steady warfare. "Let Mac take his medicine," quoth Grover. "He's used to balls, powder, hardtack and all that sort of thing. Eh, Dan?" This to the Secretary of War. "Oui, your most potent majesty," replies Dan. "Turn it all over to the man from Canton. He'll have a picnic." "These Cubans, Dan. They're only a lot of niggers, anyhow. Eh, Dan?" "Oui—oui, your most sagacious highness," answers Dan. "Si—si, Dan; you're forgetting your Spanish—see?" observes "his majesty."

Whereat, Dan, as in duty bound, bursts into uproarious laughter, and Weyler goes ahead with his Cuban battue, while Cleveland puts on his wading boots and goes after more ducks.

As one of the senators said the other day, "There isn't time to impeach Cleveland before his term expires." Meanwhile Spain has ten weeks left in which to make the Queen of the Antilles a desert.

THE BIG BANK FAILURE.

The sudden failure of the National Bank of Illinois has been a surprise to the public at large, as it was regarded as one of the strongest and soundest institutions in the United States. Its officers ranked in the first class of American financiers, and the name of George Schneider, president of the bank, was a household word in financial circles. Universal regret is felt for the misfortune—we hope it is but temporary—that has befallen the National Bank of Illinois. The action of the clearing house committee virtually secures 75 per cent to the depositors who can show valid claims, and there is behind the bank enough capital to pay dollar for dollar eventually, as far as they are concerned. The loss will fall most heavily on the stockholders, among whom are numbered some of the most prominent business people of Chicago. [illegible] The failure of the Illinois drew down with it the following: E. S. Dreyer & Co., bankers, mortgage brokers and real estate dealers; Wasmansdorf & Heinemann, bankers and mortgage brokers; Roseland Savings Bank, Roseland, Ill. The liabilities of the three last named institutions are said to be more than covered by their assets.

BAYARD'S EARS.

If anything was necessary to prove that Bayard is not only a tool of England, but also that he was willing to receive compensation for his toadyism, ample proof is found in his hesitation to refuse the result of the penny or pound subscription which was set on foot by one of his British admirers, the London Telegraph, for him. An ambassador with any care for his own, to say nothing of his country's dignity, would at once have put a stop to the eleemosynary proceeding, but Bayard has no personal dignity to lose, and cares nothing about the dignity of the Republic which he so grossly misrepresents. It is not to be supposed that the Telegraph knew that our laws prohibit any citizen holding an office of trust or emolument from accepting any present from any foreign government without the consent of Congress; but is it possible that Bayard was as ignorant of the existence of said law as his British admirer. We think not. But let us be fair to the disappointed and discredited diplomat. In all probability he did not regard England as a foreign government at all, but still regards America as "a wandering child," whom his friends of the "British Empire League" are so "anxious to welcome back."

A Canuck named Dobell, at the last meeting of that pompous body (by the way why was not Bayard present with his brother leaguers) said: "Canada has a great admiration for the forbearance and generosity which Great Britain has shown to the United States in the last twenty-five years." Undoubtedly Bayard believes that America was guilty of a great crime when she drove the Great Briton into the sea, and chased her tory hirelings (like himself) into the inhospitable regions of the blue noses. He has been apologizing for that very unfilial conduct ever since his arrival among his British kin, and doubtless he is bursting with roast beef and admiration at England's generosity in submitting to the twice repeated thrashing which "the wandering child" administered to the bellowing bull. As we have no kind of use for the Bayard bull we suggest that he renounce at once the false allegiance he has for America and become a British subject in name as well as in heart. Then he will be at liberty to accept all the alms and Christmas toys which may be flung out to him from the back doors of his queen and her loyal aristocrats. There will be no presents awaiting him upon his arrival in the land he has degraded and disgraced. How naturally his name comes alphabetically after Arnold, that is to say he is only second (a bad second) to his traitorous prototype of the Revolution. He ought to complete the comparison by living and dying in England as Arnold did. No one wants him to return to America.

Bayard did not refuse the English pay until he saw that his fellow-subjects in England condemned the scheme. He cared nothing for our laws nor condemnation, but just as soon as the Britishers spoke he bent to their behest.

MR. REDMOND'S LECTURE.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., will lecture on "Fifteen Years in the British Parliament" at the Central Music Hall, next Tuesday evening, Dec. 29. The Hon. Edward F. Dunne, Judge of the Circuit Court, will preside, and a large number of prominent citizens have signified their intention of acting as vice-presidents. Mr. Redmond, it is universally acknowledged, is one of the most gifted orators of the period; and his word pictures of Gladstone, Parnell and other celebrities are said to be unrivalled. As Mr. Redmond comes here simply in the capacity of a public lecturer—an intellectual Irishman of note—he hopes to be greeted by a large audience. It is unfortunate that existing differences among Irish leaders should have so discouraged and disgusted the Irish-Americans of Chicago that this should be for a moment doubtful. The Irish-Americans of this city have already repeatedly emphasized their abhorrence of faction, so that their attitude in that regard is unmistakable. If they turn out in force to hear Mr. Redmond, it will be because they wish to show respect for that gentleman, not as the leader of a section of the Irish Parliamentary party, but as an Irishman of genius in the lecture field. In this sense, there is no reason why Mr. Redmond should not be cordially received, but it is well to be frank with him in regard to the unpopularity of the faction fight in which he is mixed up as a politician.

ABOUT "IMPERIAL FEDERATION."

A few days since, certain persons of more or less prominence, assembled in London, England, for the purpose of promoting a scheme which is known as Imperial Federation. We understand the main object of this federation to be the extension of British trade and commerce by the establishment of free trade between England's colonies and herself. This is in harmony with her original idea of colonization which was to this effect: The colonies were planted with England's subjects, who were to devote themselves to the production of breadstuffs, beef, mutton, etc., which were to be exchanged for English manufactured goods, and they were to trade exclusively with the miscalled mother country. At first this plan was enforced by the enactment of very stringent laws; manufactures of all kinds being positively forbidden in all of said colonies, including the American settlements.

The delectable scheme worked very well for England for many years, she becoming richer and her wards becoming steadily poorer—this being the intention of the benevolent English civilizers. Unfortunately for the perpetuity of the plan, the American colonists—the overwhelming majority of whom were not of either English birth or descent—began to object to the enforcement of laws which were enacted without their will or consent. With brutal tenacity, which is characteristic of the true Briton, said laws were rigidly enforced without either justice or wisdom, the result being the expulsion of said laws and the executors thereof. Still other colonies remained quiescent, until by strength of numbers they began to outgrow their baby clothes, and while not yet strong enough to cast off their servile condition, yet had acquired a slight degree of home rule and then proceeded to enact protective tariffs against the home government. This was very exasperating to their masters, but it had to be borne as it was inexpedient to proceed to extremities. It seems they have not yet forgotten the unpleasant American experience. Australia was too far away, and Canada lay too near the United States to be disciplined. It seems from certain expressions of disappointment at the meeting refered to, that appeals have been made to the loyalty of the various colonies to relax their tariff laws for the benefit of the English manufacturers, and that said appeals had not been met with much enthusiasm. In point of fact they had been treated with contemptuous silence, and great indignation was expressed thereat. One of the hopeful souls offered a resolution calling for work in the United States and declaring that the wandering child, to-wit, America, would be received back with open arms.

Doubtless this over sanguine bull has been led to believe that the fawning sycophant, Bayard, truly represents the sentiments of our people, but the verdict of Nov. 3 last, retiring Cleveland, Bayard and the whole tribe of Anglomaniacs to well deserved oblivion, will probably convince the Imperial federation of their error. It will not increase the hopes of those persons who are devoting so much disinterested (?) labor to the increase of British trade to know that their time for imposing on American credulity has gone by. The tariff which emptied our treasury and filled that of England has been condemned by a justly indignant people, and a law will take its place which will safeguard American interests with an eye single to the filling of our own treasury and employing our own people, and we care not what England may think about it.

THE HON. A. L. MORRISON.

The newspapers of New Mexico are complimenting the Hon. A. L. Morrison on the record he made in the recent campaign, and they publish a letter to the Judge from Chairman William M. Hahn complimenting the noted orator on the zealous and eloquent work he performed during the great "Battle of the Standards." They also hint that McKinley ought to give Judge Morrison one of the best positions at his disposal. Every Chicagon will, without party distinction, say "Amen" to this, for Chicago is Judge Morrison's old home, and he numbers his friends in this city by the thousand. We hope the hopes of Judge Morrison's New Mexican constituents in his regard may be realized.

LET MR. McKINLEY ALONE.

Some of our fellow-countrymen are working themselves up about President-elect McKinley's alleged descent from the insurgent McKinleys of Dervock, county Down, who fought and died for Ireland in 1798. The Chicago Evening Post, edited, or at least controlled, by one of Mr. McKinley's closest friends, denies editorially that the President-elect is descended from that particular family. Of course, McKinley himself cannot be expected to come out and deny it. We really don't see what use there is in trying to force a man to be of Irish rebel descent, if he is not, or if he takes no pride in his Irish blood. We would disdain to claim any man as Irish, no matter how high may be his position, who does not care to acknowledge the distinction, and it is a distinction. Mr. McKinley never pretended to be Irish. He is simply an American by birth, education, tradition—everything that goes to make what is called an American. It is not dignified for Irishmen of any class to insist on making Mr. McKinley what he is not, or, probably, what he does not want to be—an Irish-American. Let him alone.

THE ELKINS BILL AND THE MERCHANT MARINE.

The decadence of our merchant marine is one of the most shameful events in our history. With 15,000 miles of a sea coast, with millions of acres of yet unexplored forest, with inexhaustible mines of iron, copper and coal, with shipbuilders of unrivalled skill and enterprise, and sailors whose daring and powers of endurance in war and peace have seldom been equalled and never [illegible] tions far our inferiors in resources to outstrip us in the race of commerce, and capture even our own carrying trade from our hands. In every other branch of industry we have, in a few years, overtaken and passed our most active rivals, but in shipbuilding we have supinely fallen behind them all. A glance back at the policy of our early statesmen will, or ought to, make us feel that we have sadly degenerated since their days. We find both wisdom and patriotism in the following quotation from Jefferson's report on commerce:

"If particular nations grasp at undue shares of our commerce, and more especially if they seize on the means of the United States to convert them into ailment for their own strength, and withdraw them entirely from the support of those to whom they belong, defensive and protecting measures become necessary on the part of the nation whose marine resources are thus invaded, or it will be disarmed of its defense; its productions will be at the mercy of the nation which has possessed itself exclusively of the means of carrying them, and its politics may be influenced by those who command its commerce. The carriage of our own commodities, if once established in another channel, cannot be resumed in the moment we desire. If we lose the seamen and artists whom it now employs, we lose the present means of marine defense, and time will be requisite to raise up others, when disgrace or losses shall bring home to our feelings the evils of having abandoned them."

The defensive and protecting measures referred to were speedily provided. The first act passed by the new Congress was one which referred to the oaths and duties of the President and other officials; the second was "an act to provide for the payment of the public debt and for the encouragement and protection of American industries," and the third, which we give below, is as follows:

"SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the following duties shall be, and are hereby imposed on all ships or vessels entered in the United States; that is to say: On all ships built within the said States, and belonging wholly to a citizen or citizens thereof; or not built within the said States, but on the 29th day of May, 1789, belonging, and during the time such ships or vessels shall continue to belong wholly to a citizen or citizens thereof, at the rate of six cents per ton. On all ships or vessels hereafter built in the United States, belonging wholly or in part, to subjects of foreign powers, at the rate of thirty cents per ton. On all other ships and vessels, at the rate of fifty cents per ton.

"SEC. 2. Provided always, and be it enacted, that no ship or vessel built within the aforesaid States, and belonging to a citizen or citizens thereof, shall, whilst employed in the coasting trade, or in the fisheries, pay tonnage more than once in any year.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that every ship or vessel employed in the transportation of any of the produce or manufactures of the United States, coastwise within the said States, except such ship or vessel built within the said States, and belonging to a citizen or citizens thereof, shall, on each entry, pay fifty cents per ton.

"SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, that this act shall commence and be in force from the 15th day of August next.

"Approved July 20, 1789."

The great men who formulated these laws were indeed the fathers of the Republic. Well would it have been for us if their children had always been animated by the same patriotic spirit, but at least some of them were not and are not. The result of the above act was encouraging in the highest degree. Our keels soon plowed every sea, and the starry emblem of the young Republic fluttered under every sky, and gave hope and faith to the downtrodden nations of Europe, and besides supplying the wants of our own commerce our ship builders sold ships amounting to hundreds of thousands of tons to foreigners. But we were soon to reap even better results than those. England chafing under her overwhelming and mortifying defeat and expulsion from America, kept up a constant series of insults which were borne for years with patience, which at length ceased to be a virtue.

Thirty-two years after the passage of the above act, war was declared against England, and then the wisdom of the fathers was seen and recognized. Our military campaigns along the Canadian borders reflected little credit upon us, but our success at sea was as gratifying to us as it was humiliating to the enemy, whose insolent boast that Britannia ruled the waves was lost never to be regained. On the sea as on the lakes she met reverse after reverse, and the names of Lawrence, Decatur, McDonough, Perry and their gallant compeers became the navy litany of America. But it was in her merchant marine that England was especially vulnerable. Privateers sailed from every port upon their prey, and the Baltimore clippers which outsailed anything afloat became the terror of the Englishmen. More than 1,500 of the enemy's ships were captured, burnt or sunk, many of them being destroyed in full view of the Irish coast, and often in sight of England's heavy keeled frigates which seldom or never were able to overhaul the fleet-winged "letters of marque." And thus England was beaten on her own element by the hardy and intrepid sailors who had been trained in our own merchant marine service, which had grown to majestic proportions under the fostering care of friendly legislation. When the treaty of Ghent was signed we had the vantage ground we had fought for. In May, 1827, we find this pitiful wail in the London Times:

"It is not our habit to sound the tocsin on light occasions, but we conceive it to be impossible to view the existing state of things in this country without more than apprehension and alarm. Twelve years of peace, and what is the situation of Great Britain? The shipping interest, the cradle of our navy, is half ruined. Our commercial monopoly exists no longer; we have closed the Western Indies against America from feelings of commercial rivalry. Its active seamen have already engrossed an important branch of our carrying trade to the East Indies. Her starred flag is now conspicuous on every sea and will soon defy our thunder."

And in 1825 Daniel Webster said: "We have a commerce which leaves no sea unexplored, navies which take no law from superior force." We then carried 75 per cent of our own commerce, and soon we would have carried it all. We had conquered the sea from England in spite of every effort to prevent it, but unfriendly legislation accomplished for her what she could not do for herself. By an act of unparalelled treason in May, 1828, there was passed a law withdrawing all protection from our ocean shipping, and this was the beginning of the end. But in spite of this legislation, hostile to us and friendly to England, handicapped as they were, our people maintained the unequal struggle, constantly losing, until in 1860 we had only retained 65 per cent of our commerce, and then came the opportunity which Britain had waited for since 1812.

The rebellion came, and this hypocritical friend openly built, equipped and manned Confederate pirates to prey on our commerce, and in less than a year 1,879,505 tons was taken out of our commerce and transferred to England. In 1861 our foreign tonnage amounted to 2,496,894 tons. In 1866 we had only 1,387,756 tons, of which we carried 32 per cent. On our complaint at England's breach of international law, she generously submitted to arbitrate. It will be remembered that Senator Sumner insisted that she ought to pay, not only actual, but consequential damages, but the idea was scouted as ungenerous and impracticable, so we were awarded $15,500,000, which England paid, and she has been clearing $120,000,000 per annum ever since at our expense. These are the consequential damages which we have been losing for about twenty-five years, amounting to about $3,600,000,000. Generous England! Insane America! At the risk of seeming tedious, we submit the following, which shows how foreign nations are encouraging their commerce and how we are destroying ours:

"From 1830 to 1885 Great Britain paid out of her treasury to steamship companies for mail contracts and subsidies over $250,000,000, and since 1885 she has paid annually an average of $3,750,000.

"The Italian government pays an annual subsidy of $1,570,000.

"France pays a graduated bounty for construction of vessels from $2 to $12 per ton and also a bounty per mile run. The sums asked for in the French budgets of 1888 and 1889 under these heads amounted to about $1,650,000; the annual outlay from 1881 to 1886 is stated at about $3,500,000.

"Germany contributes largely to the support of her steamships, paying, as has been stated, nearly $1,000,000 a year to a single line which has supplanted an unsubsidized American line formerly running between New York and Bremen.

"Spain pays a bounty of $6 on tonnage built in that country in accordance with the established regulations, and provides for a rebate of duties on articles imported for the construction of vessels. Her annual compensation for ocean mails is said to be over $1,000,000.

"The United States alone, of the great commercial nations, while encouraging railroads by liberal grants and subsidies and protecting her coastwise and internal commerce and all her home industries, has utterly neglected and abandoned her great foreign maritime interests, even declining to pay fair rates for services rendered by vessels of the United States, although congress had appropriated money for the purpose."

And now comes the distinguished Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, and in order to avoid the senseless prejudice against subsidies, introduces a bill to levy a tax of 10 per cent on all goods imported to this country in other than American vessels. This is reviving the patriotic principle of the fathers. In addition to the immense stimulus, this bill would give to our shipping interests, it would produce a revenue of $59,000,000 per annum, which would go a long way towards filling the void which the Wilson bill has left in the treasury. We wish entire success to this most praiseworthy effort of Senator Elkins to revive our almost extinct foreign commerce, and shall anxiously watch the progress of his bill. We cannot imagine how any man with any pretension to patriotism can vote against it.

THE Chicago public is simply amazed at Mayor Swift's veto of the four-cent fare street railway ordinance, introduced into the Council by Ald. Gallagher. The mayor has done many inexplicable things during the course of his administration, but this latest act is the most extraordinary of all. It is evident that he intends to retire from public life.

THE Very Rev. J. J. Keogh, pastor of St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, Wis., celebrated his silver jubilee last Sunday. He was ordained a priest on Dec. 20, 1871.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. W. Dwyer, of Marquette, Mich., has gone on a visit to Ireland, after an absence of many years from the emerald sod. His friends and neighbors in Marquette gave him a pleasant "send off" before he left for Ireland.

Judge Dooling, of Hancock, Mich., who has filled the office of probate judge of Houghton county, has arranged to complete a course of higher law studies at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. The judge is a young man, but has made a splendid record both at the bar and on the bench.

Mr. James Clancy, of Ishpeming, Mich., one of the oldest friends of THE CITIZEN, is at Hot Springs, Ark., where he is under treatment for rheumatism. He is one of the best known Irish-Americans of the Upper Peninsula, and his illness is deeply regretted by his many friends in Michigan and elsewhere.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of THE CITIZEN Newspaper Co. will be held at No. 69 Dearborn st., Room 46, Chicago, Ill., on the 16th day of January, 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of officers, reorganization of the company and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated Chicago, Dec. 16, 1896.

B. CURTIS, President.
Attest—JOHN F. FINERTY, Secretary.

The Gaelic League.

In accordance with the notice in THE CITIZEN of the 12th inst., the members of the Gaelic League assembled at the home of Miss Margaret Woods, No. 219 Walnut street, on Friday evening, Dec. 18, and for three hours enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Songs in the sweet tongue of the Gael, also in English, were sung, music on the piano and other amusements were indulged in. This was only the precursor of other entertainments to take place in the near future. Miss Woods was assisted by her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ringrose, whose greatest desire seemed to be to cater to the enjoyment of their guests.

"My Wife has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and they have done her much good. She was troubled for five years with headache and other difficulties peculiar to her sex."—Jacob Bollinger, 1046 Wolfram street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination.

The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

THE EXILES LOVE.

BY P. T. M'G.

The sun's golden beams from the view
have departed,
The pale peeping stars shed their glim-
mering light,
While lonely I wandered depressed and
sad hearted,
The lad I love sleeps 'mid the billows
tonight;
Adown from my eyes like the stream
down the mountain,
Start the tears that all day I've en-
deavored to hide,
But now let them flow like the gush of
the fountain,
I must weep or my bosom will burst
with the tide.

I love here to linger among these lone
bowers,
And view the dear scenes that with
rapture I've eyed,
And the odor inhale of the sweet folded
flowers,
That proudly I've plucked with my
love by my side;
But oh how I miss his dark eye bright-
ly glowing,
His silvery laugh, his sweet smile and
his song,
Smooth, smooth be the waves that be-
neath him are flowing,
And gentle the breezes that waft him
along.

My woe-stricken heart is but fretting
and sighing,
Since I parted the youth that may
meet me no more;
Whose bark to a far foreign country is
hieing,
Oh, rich is the treasure she hails to
her shore.
Oh, had I ne'er basked in the heat of
love's fire,
How gladly my eyelids in slumber I'd
close;
All nature's at rest yet I'm loth to re-
tire,
Some ill-omened dream might disturb
my repose.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A Successful Donation Party Held for the Temporary Relief of the Worthy Institution.

The Donation Party at the House of the Good Shepherd, sanctioned by Archbishop Feehan, and given last Monday, proved, considering the brevity of the notice and the limitation of invitations, a great success. It, at all events, afforded the worthy institution temporary relief, and was the first occasion of the kind during the thirty-seven years' active work of the Order in Chicago. Had longer notice been given, and had the invitations been less limited and the hall larger, the financial results would have been even more gratifying than they were. On some future occasion there may be another Donation Party on a larger scale.

The men who brought checks or contributions, says the Times-Herald of Monday, were first led into the south corridor on the main floor. They were here subjected to the bazaar treatment—buying flowers at their weight in gold and fancy needlework, of which they did not know the origin or the destiny. The department was so crowded that there was not turning room, the young women at the booths holding the buyers in a solid mass of humanity. It looked like the line-up of the Christmas shoppers, and the sisters smiled as they hoped for at least a fraction to apply on the debt for food and warmth, which now exceeds by $12,000 the income of the year.

Mother Mary had the sisters divided into committees, the members of which explained the workings of the institution. It was told that up to four years ago it had lived by its own industry. The financial crisis had cut off nearly all its work but the patronage of the laundry. It used to make the wedding trousseaus for the fashionable dressmakers, but there had been a falling off in this line as well as in the matter of plain sewing. There was a time when all hands were busy all the time, but recently there has not been enough needlework to supply the children with any occupation. The income has disappeared, with nearly 400 souls to house. There are 123 children, 122 in the preservation house and about sixty-five Magdalenes.

It was a remarkable scene—the women with fashion gowns side by side with the nuns in creamy white robes. The sisters abandoned the sad, thoughtful countenances for the afternoon and acted with the other women to make the party a success. Mrs. Washington Hesing was master of ceremony in the receiving room, supported by Mother Mary and Sister Philomene, who is still young at 78. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson also wore the badge of the reception committe, and the following women assisted:

Mesdames—J. H. Smith, D. Corkery, O. F. Brown, M. Mulligan, G. F. Shears, John Amberg, C. D. Bradley, Nicholas Senn, P. Gormully, J. C. Nolan, Charles Dupee, Robert Airs, W. P. Henneberry, Hayes Saddler, J. C. Carroll, P. J. O'Keefe, L. A. Prindeville, S. B. Chaplin, M. Cudahy, John Cudahy, John F. Finerty, E. E. Feehan, M. Fitzsimmons, E. A. Starr, Jane Addams, O'Meara, L. McDowell, H. McDowell, Grace Higgins.

The children of the preservation class gave a continuous entertainment in the little hall. Miss Alice Bradley was in charge of this feature, the performers appearing under a lime light, as in a regular theatre. It was a rigid rule that the audience should sit through but one programme, and the hall was immediately filled with a new set. The fathers of the parish were interested spectators at this feature. Those who could not crowd into the room were taken to the tearooms or piloted to the places where it was possible to buy things at your own price, provided your price was high enough. The following did the selling and thereby raised the profits:

Japanese tearoom—Misses O'Meara, W. Inderrieden, M. Inderrieden, Celia Cudahy, Mona O'Neil, Elain Dupee, Alice Nash, and Mae O'Mera.

Fancy work table—Mrs. George F. Shears, Mrs. Lobdell, Mrs. John F. Finerty, Misses Stella Hennessy, Alice Quan, Cora Prindiville and Amanda Ernst.

Candy booth—Misses Violet Bradley, Josephine O'Mera, Queenie O'Neil, Kathleen Malone, Blance Sagen, Mae Quinlan and Alice Quinlan.

Doll booth—Misses Catherine Airs, Susie Prindiville, Mildred Cavanaugh, Adlaide Walsh, Thiel Phillips and Annie Shea.

Flower booth—Mrs. M. Hayes-Sadler and Misses Myrtle Bateman, Gene White, Henrietta White, Deborah White, Bessie Perce, Eva Jeffery, Florence Jeffery, Barbara Durell, Eva Mae Durell, Zoe Inderrieden, Lillian Inderrieden and Florence Bradley.

Mother Mary is grateful for the relief brought, but she cannot forget that the work has only started. There is a deficiency of $50,000 for necessities during the last four years, and the building is crumbling. This is one of the institutions to which the city sends a portion of the girls and women it takes from the streets. A portion of the fines receceived in the police courts has been set aside for it. There are enough willing hands within the walls to earn the support, and the house appeals to the public for work.

MR. KILLELEA ON THE NATIONAL SITUATION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(Tuam Herald.)

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1896.—The last letter I wrote to the Tuam Herald (dated Sept. 20) was relative to the arrest of alleged dynamiters, so-called, by Scotland Yard detectives. The Irishmen connected with that bogus conspiracy against England, Tynan, Kearney and Haynes, were discharged, as England failed to make a prima facie case out against them to have them extradited, which shows and proves that they were not implicated in any such plot. But the Scotland Yard detectives have held on to Bell, or Ivory, waiting to get some informer to come forward to swear against him and they have found one of the old sort. The cable dispatches inform us in this country that one T. M. Jones, a spy, Orangeman and informer from this country, turns up in time to swear and give evidence against Bell. On reading his evidence I was somewhat amused when he relates his attending an Irish American Convention at Chicago in September, 1895. There is no truth in his statements as far as relates to the holding of secret meetings. I attended that convention. I stayed at McCoy's hotel. There were no secret committee meetings at that hotel. There were four committees appointed in the convention by its chairman, which were as follows: (1) a committee on credentials, (2) committee on permanent officers of the convention, (3) a committee on platform arrangements, and fourthly a committee on organization. The two last named committees met at McCoy's hotel, where they perfected and completed their reports, which the chairmen reported at the second day's meeting. Major William McCoy, proprietor of McCoy's hotel, is one of the leading hotelkeepers of Chicago. He gave the use of his hall rooms to the above named committees free of charge. The meetings of these committees were not secret but open meetings. Citizens of Chicago who were not delegates could go into the committee meetings. I visited the meetings. There was no doorkeeper on the door of the hall room meetings, and any person could go in or out to the meetings if he wanted to.

Yet "Jones" has given his testimony against Ivory or Bell, and he is mistaken when he says that the committee meetings held in Chicago at that convention of 1895 were secret. But as he has stated at that Loudon trial he did not observe any taking of an oath. The delegates who attended that convention are no way put about by his misstatements. The Irish National Alliance that was organized at that convention was and is composed of the best citizens of the United States. That convention treated the name of dynamite with contempt and condemned emphatically its use.

As the Tuam Herald and its readers are aware, at the time of the split in the Irish Parliamentary party in Ireland there was also a split in the Irish National League in America—one division leading to the other. There was an organization formed in substitution for the National League called the National Federation organization by the McCarthyite or Dillon party, but it was as great a failure and fiasco as the Irish body of the same. Instead of federating it kept the Irish assunder and apart. American Nationalists saw that the National League in Ireland was disrupted and consequently impotent. They concluded to organize the National Alliance in this country to keep the national element together and keep up the old spirit. All the leading Irish Nationalists in the United States were consulted about this organization. All agreed that such an organization in place of the National League would be a good one for Ireland's cause. So a call was issued for a convention in Chicago, to be held in September, 1895, and it met, resolved, and organized with the endorsement of hundreds of assembled Nationalists from all the States of the Union.

The Clan-na-Gael organization or any other political secret society had not any connection with that convention, and if the informer Jones was a Clan-na-Gael, he took good care that he did not use the word Clan-na-Gael or any other political secret society's name, or the word dynamite. If he did he would be hurled out of that convention. His evidence against Ivory or Bell and against the Chicago convention which he states that he attended we shall wait to hear more of in detail.

We are informed by cable also that famine again stares Ireland in the face. Failure of all crops threatens once more to bring about the horrors of starvation, and besides Ireland is annually bled of millions of money by the British government. Though money is rather scarce at the present time in America, yet if the Irish Parliamentary party were united as they should be, Ireland's kindred in America would always come to their aid when money is needed. In case an appeal is made to aid the distressed people who are suffering from want there will be no aid coming from their kindred in this country. The people of Ireland have themselves to blame for this. Let them unite first and show to the people of this country that they are united. Then and only then will aid come to the distressed by thousands of dollars.

JAMES KILLELEA.

WHEN THE WINTER SUN IS LOW.

When the winter sun is low
And the wind through waving trees,
Flinging frost doth hurrying go,
Moaning like the moaning seas;
Through the fields bereft of cheer
Sad I walk and dream of thee,—
All were sweet if thou wert here;
Love, why com'st thou not to me?

When the winter moon is high,
And the blast across the wold
Bloweth from the northern sky
Where the stars are glistening cold,
O'er the sighing fells alone
Sad I walk and dream of thee,—
Sorrow never maketh moan,
O my love, when thou'rt with me.

When the stars wax faint and white,
And gray dawn begins to shake
Through the skies her dappled light,
From my restless couch I wake;
Then my soul flies out to thee,
Swift to thee, her own sweet choice!
Ah! why com'st thou not to me,
With the healing of thy voice?

Through the fields I walk in woe,
For thy smile is far away:
And the tears in secret flow,
Sorrows rain, from day to day.
Oh, my sweetheart, oh my own,
Why should space or place divide
Hearts that God hath made as one?
Thee I claim, my heaven-sent bride!
—Daniel J. Donahoe, in Donahoe's.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sona

(LEANTA).

"Dar mo chdis," ar an t-oglaoch Iona rabh-adar an dá shúil déag, "is mairg d'ár ab cuid-eachta an ceathrar oglaoch do léigios d'aon chaera amháin a g-cuid d'ithe d'á n-aimhdheoin Iona bh-fadhnaise." agus ar sin d'éirghidh chum an reithe, agus gabhas ar a chosaibh é, go d-tug urchar aimhin athgharbh tar dorus amach do'n reithe, go d-tárla e-cart a dhroma ré lár, agus ní'hacemar ó sin amach é. Is gairid 'nna dhiaigh sin gur éirghidh an chailleach agus gur chaith a h-Ionar oghar-ghlas ar mo cheathrar óglaoch, go n-dearna ceithre scandóirlidh crionna cinn-isie dhiobh! Ar a fheicsin sin dambsa do ghabh uamhan agus imeagla mé, agus an tan do mhothaigh óglaoch na leath-ursan sin, adúbhairt Hom dul Iona fharradh féin agus mo cheann do chur Iona ucht agus codladh. Do rinneas: agus d'éirghidh an chailleach agus do bhain a h-Ionar dam' cheathrar óglaoch agus tar meadhrach comhos Iona riochtaibh féin iad; agus ba luathgháireach liomsa sin. "A Fhinn," ar óglaoch na leath-ursan, 'an longnadh leatsa sulghe agus órdughadh an tighe so?' Do dhearbhas nach bh-faca riamh longnadh ba mhó liom féin 'na é. 'Maiseadh, ianeosad féin a g-ciall sád duit,' ar an t-óglaoch. 'An t-athach úd do chonnarcais ar d-tús, agus an mhuc ag agréachadh i n-glaic na gaibhle, is é sád thall é, agus an leisge is ainm dó; agus is i so am' fhochairse an inghion do bhí d'á aguabadh, eadhon, an mheanmna; agus aguabaidh an mheanmna an leisge lei; óir téidh a mheanmna le prap ná sú mar ná d-teidh an chos le bliadhain. An sgológ úd thall na sál niamhdha, an seoghal chiallaighthear as, agus is treise 'ná gach neach é; agus d'á dhearbhadh sin do chuir sé an reithe ar seimhn'. An reithe úd do chonnarcais, cionnta an duine tuigthear leis. An chailleach úd thall, an chrine i féin, agus chrion a h-eadach do cheathrar óglaoch; agus an dá thiobraid as ar ibhle an dá dhigh, an bhréag agus an fhirinne tuigthear asda; óir is millis le duine an bhréag agá dhéanamh, agus is scarbh fa dheoigh i; agus Cuanna a h-Inaistáil m'ainmsi féin agus ní ann so gunathsaighim Lheith; agus tugus grádh éagmhaiseach dhuitse, a Fhinn, ar mhead d'eagna agus d'oirdhearcais, gurab uime sin do chuireas ins na riochtaibh sin iad ar do chionn, ionnos go bh-feicfinn thú; agus ba 'oidheacht Fhinn go teach Chuanna' ainm an ngéil-se go deire an domhain; agus is bhair do mhuintir i d'fhochair feasta, agus codluigh i g-cú'gear go maidin.' Agus do rinneamar amhlaidh sin, agus tar mosgladh dhúinn, is i áit a rabhamar ar máullach Cnairn Fearghail, agus ar g coin agus ar n-aitm i n-ar bh-fochair. Gurab é sin fosgladh do cheibt, a Chonáin," ar Fionn, "agus créad do bheir ort bheith mar so gan codladh do dheanamh?"

(Translation)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Cenan-Sleibhe.

"Upon my veracity, he is doomed for evil who owns as companions such four fellows as you are, who tamely suffer one single sheep to carry away your food and devour it before your faces," exclaimed the man with the twelve eyes; and at the same time going up to the ram, he caught him by the feet, and gave him a violent pitch out of the door, so that he fell on his back on the ground; and from that time we saw him no more. Soon after this the hag started up, and having thrown her ashy-gray coverlet over my four men metamorphosed them into four withered drooping-headed old men! When I saw that I was seized with great fear and alarm; and when the man of the door-post perceived this, he desired me to come over to him, place my head in his bosom and sleep. I did so; and the hag got up, and took her coverlet off my four men; and when I awoke I found them restored to their own shape, and that was a great happiness to me. 'O Fionn,' said the man of the door-post, 'do you feel surprised at the appearance and arrangements of this house?' I assured him that I never saw anything which surprised me more. 'Well then I will explain the meaning of all these things to you,' said the man. 'The giant, carrying the grunting hog between the prongs of the iron fork, whom you first saw, is he who is yonder, and his name is SLOTH: she who is close to me is the young woman who had been forcing him along, that is ENERGY; and ENERGY compels SLOTH forward with her; for ENERGY moves in the twinkling of the eye, a greater distance than the foot can travel in a year. The old man of the bright eyes yonder, signifies the WORLD; and he is more powerful than anyone, which has been proved by his rendering the ram powerless. That ram which you saw signifies the crimes of man. That hag there beyond is withering OLD AGE, and her clothing has withered your four men: the two wells, from which you drank the two draughts, mean FALSEHOOD and TRUTH; for while telling a lie one finds it sweet, but it becomes bitter at the last. Cuanna, from Innistuil, is my own name; I do not reside here, but having conceived a wonderful love for you, O Fionn, an account of your superiority in wisdom and general celebrity, I therefore put those things into the way before you, in order that I might see you. And this story shall be called to the end of the world, the Hospitality of Cuanna's House to Fionn. Let you and your men come together, and do ye five sleep until morning.' Accordingly we did so, and when we awoke in the morning we found ourselves on the summit of Cairn Feargaill, with our hounds and arms by us. So there is the answer to your question, O Conan," said Fionn; "and what is the reason you remain as you are, and go not to sleep?"

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

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An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 8:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORROW, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field.

FIELD FLOWERS

The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for $2.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of $1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,
150 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

TELEPHONE MAIN 2358.

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FLORISTS.

SOUTHWEST CORNER WABASH AVENUE AND MONROE STREET,

CHICAGO.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First National Bank

OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Dec. 17, 1896.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$15,526,302.26
Bank building and other real estate		500,000.00
U. S. bonds (par value)		118,900.00
Other bonds (market value)		1,399,460.00
Cash resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern ex.	$3,657,767.49	
Checks for Clearing House	1,120,939.80	
Cash on hand	9,456,014.84	
Due from U.S. Treasurer	50,250.00	
		14,284,972.22
Total		$31,829,434.48

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	247,508.23
Deposits	26,581,926.25
Total	$31,829,434.48

OFFICERS.

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

S. M. NICKERSON, S. W. ALLERTON,
F. D. GRAY, NELSON MORRIS,
R. C. NICKERSON, EUGENE S. PIKE,
E. F. LAWRENCE, A. A. CARPENTER,
NORMAN B. REAM, L. J. GAGE,
JAMES B. FORGAN.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, Dec. 17, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$3,925,139.22
Overdrafts		5,208.69
U.S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		974,340.19
Cash assets—		
Cash on hand	$2,498,288.17	
Due from banks	1,324,199.37	
Checks for clearings	209,948.28	
Due from U. S. treasurer	24,250.00	
		4,052,680.82
Total		$9,007,368.92

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	127,984.11
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$8,202,254.89
Due banks	1,632,147.92
	7,834,402.81
Total	$9,007,368.92

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, JOHN M. SMYTH,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

OFFICERS.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

NATIONAL BANK

OF THE

REPUBLIC,

CHICAGO.

Condition at Close of Business Dec. 17, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$2,706,671.11
Overdrafts	2,763.33
United States bonds	50,000.00
Other bonds	3,378.40
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	45,378.56
Cash and sight exchange	1,454,120.52
	$4,262,291.92

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$1,000,000.00
Surplus and profits (net)	124,630.64
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	3,092,671.28
	$4,262,291.92

JOHN A. LYNCH, President.
A. M. ROTHSCHILD, Vice-President.
W. T. FENTON, Second Vice-President and Cashier.
J. H. CAMERON, Ass't Cashier.
R. M. MCKINNEY, Second Ass't Cashier.

JOHN J. KINNANE, ATTORNEY, 59 DEARBORN-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D. 1896. Frank W. Wilcox vs. Sophia A. Wilcox. In Chancery, No. 179,274.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sophia A. Wilcox that the above named complainant heretofore filed in the Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.

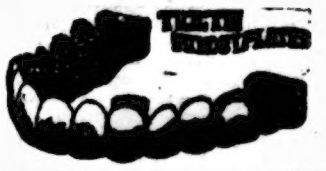
John J. Kinnane, Complt's Solr.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.



Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
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Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
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Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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CHICAGO.

JOHN A. MAHONEY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK,

N. E. Cor. Washington & Clark Sts.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4221. CHICAGO.

McCALLUM & FLANAGAN, ATTORNEYS, 611 ASHLAND BLOCK.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COOK COUNTY—ss. In the County Court of Cook County. All parties interested are hereby notified that on the 8th day of December, A. D. 1896, William Bradley and J. R. Wilming, of Evanston, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, by their deed of assignment of that date duly recorded in the office of the County Clerk of said county, assigned and transferred to me as Assignee all their property, real and personal, for the benefit of their creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning voluntary assignments. You are further notified and requested to present your claims, if any you may have against the said William Bradley and J. R. Wilming, under oath or affirmation to me at my office, Room 34, 90 LaSalle-st., City of Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date.

HENRY D. BAKER, Assignee.

Chicago, Dec. 9, 1896.

McCallum & Flanagan, Attorneys.

NO CURE. NO PAY.

DR. KEAN,

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NORTH-WESTERN LINE

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

I know a little temple,
Its walls are dim and low,
Yet up and down its darkened aisles
The blessed angels go.

And he who keeps the temple
Should pray to God tonight
That faith may light the altar flame
And hope may keep it brig..:

That love may bring the sacrifice
Which love delights to give,
An l all the angels innocent
May tarry there to live.

And may no evil spirit
Have in it place or part.
What is this temple beautiful?
The temple of the heart.
—Youth's Companion.

CHINESE ROMANCE.

Ding Dong heaved a huge sigh and obbed a convulsive sob as he laid his ching head on his weary arms on the able and racked his brain in great gony of spirit. The dies iræ had come —his day of reckoning. It was the day efore the Chinese New Year's—Feb. 5, ccording to your calendar—when every ood Chinaman must settle up or go up he spout and confess himself dishonord. He owed only a little matter of 100 taels—not pigtails nor cowtails, you understand, but silver taels—equivalent o $1.30 in American money. If he had that many taels, he would gladly have paid up, for there was nothing small about Ding; but he didn't, and thereby hangs a tale.

If Ding had only possessed the glorious birthright of an American, instead of worrying over such a trifling matter he would have let his creditor do so, get an extension of time, and then settle up at 20 cents on the dollar.

As it was, poor Ding only saw ruination before him and dilapidation of his air castles. Grim despair, like an immense bat, spread her sable wings and overcast his sensitive soul with shadows and dark forebodings.

Ding Dong was poor and an orphan—not quite as poor as a church mouse, perhaps, for he still had something better to eat than hymn books and velvet cushions, but still so poor that the patches on his gown made it look like a crazy quilt, while its back had received such a deposit of oil from his braided hair as would gladden the heart of a Pennsylvania capitalist to strike.

His father was the famous Ding Dung, who had been a mandarin in the service of the emperor. Dung was a true father to the people over whom he was sent to rule, and, knowing that too much money would not be good for them, "squeezed" them on all occasions, thereby growing enormously rich. But, as he was not prudent enough to share his ill gotten gains with his superiors, he was denounced by the censors for malfeasance in office and had his head taken off and his property confiscated.

His mother having died during his father's financial crisis, the younger [illegible] at the age of 18 a lone orphan and penniless. Now that he had to shift for himself, our hero opened a school and was so far successful that he had plenty to eat and good clothes on his back until ambition and a laudable desire to better his condition prompted him to borrow money to defray the expense of a journey to Canton, where he proposed to test his luck and skill in the public examination. From this literary contest he came out with flying colors. He was no slouch as a scholar, though he might be wanting when weighed in the scales of Mammon. In scholastic attainments he had few equals and hardly any superiors. He had vanquished many antagonists in the examination halls of his native town, where he proved again and again that he could quote Confucius and other sages at a longer stretch than any one, compose poems with greater elegance and ease and write Chinese hieroglyphics with finer touch and finish. He led his class in the examination at Canton, thereby climbing the first rung on the ladder of fame and winning the scu-tsai's brass button. There remained only two more trials, which, successfully passed through, would land him at the top of the heap, from which he could fatten at the public crib at his leisure.

But his triumph was shortened and his dreams of future greatness were disturbed by thoughts of the debt he still owed, whose interest he had been able to pay by dint of economy, but whose principal he saw no chance of settling before the new year rolled in.

His creditor was no other than his future father-in-law, to whose daughter he had been engaged while the elder Ding was making money hand over fist, and the Ding family seemed to be in the flood tide of worldly prosperity. But when the family was reduced in numbers as well as in means by order of his sacred majesty, the son of heaven, the father of the girl said to his wife, "I told you so," and regretted his haste in making the match. The old gentleman, who went by the name of Ju Dun, was rich and more worldly minded than common. He, too, grew wealthy by "squeezing" the people—not, however, as their father, like Ding Dung, but as their "uncle," whose golden rule was, "Do others or they will do you." He was in the habit of loaning little sums to people in straitened circumstances at 10 per cent per month interest, and by adding this to the principal in case of its nonpayment at the end of the month. By this method of compounding interest he got many persons to give up houses and lands, and even daughters, to him in payment of debts. Those who could not settle up thus had to settle down in the debtors' prison, where they languished in chains and misery until death came to their relief.

Ju Dun was withal a miser and he hoarded the money he did not lend at [illegible] to excel Methusaleh in longevity. His clothes were worn as long as they could stand mending. He grudged his wife and only child the very necessaries of life. In order to save the expense of a luxurious table and at the same time preserve the appearance he and his family were in the habit of eating the coarsest and cheapest rice and dining on what seemed to be a large fish, but which was made of wood garnished with strips of salt pork and seasoned with sauce, ginger and onion shoots. Instead of meat he had a lot of pebbles fried in the most approved style of the culinary art, which in the mouth of the diner gave a relish to the rice and could be fried over and over again with hardly any appreciable loss of substance.

Being such a grasping usurer and close fisted skinflint, or rather skin pebble, one would not naturally expect Ju Dun to view his prospective son-in-law with favor, but there was the marriage contract, which he himself had drawn up with the elder Ding. How was he going to get around it without Ding Dong's consent? He saw no way of going back on his bond at that time or forcing Ding Dong to withdraw from the alliance; but, like the wily rascal that he was, he determined to bide his time and watched for an opportunity to gracefully give Dong the go by.

The opportunity came when Dong went to him to ask for a loan for the purpose of paying his debts, when the following conversation took place, which we will translate for the reader's benefit:

"Honored sir"—thus Ding Dong began—"I have come humbly to solicit the loan of 100 taels, which your well filled coffers will hardly miss, that I may go to Canton and take part in the coming examination. I felt some delicacy in asking this of you on account of our future relationship, but my urgent necessity has banished all hesitation."

"Young man," replied Ju Dun, "what do you take me for—a gold mine? People don't know how poor I am when they tell ridiculous stories about my wealth. Wealth, indeed! I wish I had only one-tenth of what they say I am worth. I lose money every day. Why, only yesterday a man hanged himself to escape the payment of moneys rightfully due to me."

"I am sorry, worthy sir," returned Dong, "but I am not at all likely to follow that man's example. I have my school, you know, and I propose to pay the tuition fees to you until I shall have wiped out the debt. And, although you may not have the required 100 taels on hand, you can easily raise it. I trust that you will permit your benevolent disposition to do its work in my case."

Dong knew he was administering a rather strong dose of taffy.

The miser seemed to relent a little, saying:

"But I never lend without good security. What security can you offer?"

"None, my good sir, except an order to my pupils to pay you their tuition fees—excepting the little that I shall require to live and—and the word of an honest man."

"The last I do not want," said Ju Dun. "It is not negotiable in the money market. But the other security will do so far as the interest is concerned. But how about the principal?"

"I expect, sir, to earn enough to pay it off by the end of this year."

A look of cunning stole into Ju Dun's eyes as he asked:

"If not, what then?"

"I do not apprehend such a contingency," answered Dong

"Well, I do," said Ju Dun. "I have a mind not to lend you the money. Still, I will risk a little for the friendship I bore your father. But you understand, most talented sir, that in case you cannot pay me the principal before New Year's day our intimate relations must cease, for I will not and cannot marry my only child to a bankrupt and a dishonored man."

The blood rushed over Dong's cheeks and mounted his temples at the bare possibility of dishonor coming to him. He was an honorable young man, was Dong, chock full of fine feeling. It was his misfortune to have had such a father. If he had had his say about it instead of the God who presided over the wheel of transmigration, he would have preferred a more prudent man to be his father. He was no "chip off the old block"—not by a great deal.

He felt humiliated, but nevertheless answered spiritedly, "Excellent sir, if I fail to pay you, I will gladly release you from performing your part of the marriage contract."

"You need not get so huffy over it," rejoined the old man. "Business is business, and it is no harm to let you understand the conditions. Sit down here and write a promissory note with an express condition to the effect that in case you fail to pay up interest and principal in full for value received before the next New Year's day you will renounce all claims to my daughter's hand, and I will try to raise the money for you."

Dong drew his chair up to the table and wrote the note, while the old miser went into the garden to raise the 100 taels. Making sure that no one was looking, he moved a large vase from its position, then unlocked a trapdoor which covered a sort of stairway that led to a vault. This vault held an iron chest, in which all his valuables were deposited. It took but a few minutes to descend, open the box, secure the money and put everything back as it was before.

The note and the money soon changed hands, and Dong went away rejoicing, leaving Ju Dun equally pleased with his bargain, for he had no idea Dong could pay it.

Dong went to Canton and was successful, as has been related. But he found it no easy matter to earn money even after his splendid achievement in the literary arena. He tried hard to get more pupils, but they didn't materialize to any great extent. He tried his hand at fan writing, but fans which were inscribed over with moral and poetical sentiments were a drug in the market. They brought him nothing but the wind of applause. But money was what he wanted. He could not easily get along without some.

Dong worried and worried over that small sum of 100 taels and lost flesh by thinking so much and dreaming so often of the gleaming, treacherous taels.

At length he was reduced to that condition of despair in which our story first finds him.

He sat in that chair immovable and alone. He had sent his pupils home that morning for their long vacation. Thoughts unwelcome and bitter as nutgall passed in procession before his mental vision, and, like Banquo's reiterated ghost, would not down.

"No," he cried wildly, as if he had debated the matter in his mind and had reached a final conclusion, "there is nothing left me but death!"

Absorbed as Dong was in melancholy reflections and imagining himself already a cold corpse dangling under the branches of some tree, he did not perceive the approach of a little boy until the latter stood beside him and startled him by saying in a timid voice:

"Teacher, father sent me to ask you to come to our house."

Dong raised his head and saw one of his pupils before him.

"What is it you want?"

"My father sends his respects and asks you to favor him with a call. My oldest brother came back this morning from America. He brought home lots of funny things. If you come, he will show them to you."

Glad of this little relief, Dong accompanied the boy to the latter's house and there received a most hearty welcome. The big brother displayed his treasures and enjoyed Dong's curiosity and wonder as he explained the uses and the modus operandi of every article to him. There were a sewing machine, a pair of opera glasses, a contrivance for making hash out of every kind of meat under the sun, a stereoscope, a microscope and a hundred other things besides, that stamp the Yankee as the most ingenious person in all the world. But nothing astonished Dong so much as the little electric machine which sent a thrill through his spare frame and sunk his suicidal purpose in the lowest depths of Lethe. But the phonograph scared him with its peculiar and sepulchral tones. As he stood before the talking machine with dilated eyes and mouth opened wide sweet strains of American music greeted his ears.

Then "Home, Sweet Home," "Annie Rooney," "Rock-a-by-Baby," "Thou Art So Near and Yet So Far" and "What Is Home Without a Mother-in-law?" rolled out in rapid succession. Dong of course could not appreciate them any more than a cat, but the weirdness of the sounds fascinated him. When the concert was ended, he had many questions to ask. The returned traveler kindly showed him everything pertaining to the wonderful machine, told him to talk to it himself and excited his wonder still more by making the phonograph repeat Dong's own words.

Suddenly a thought struck him so hard that he jumped up like one possessed, nearly upsetting the machine and the big brother's gravity, yelling at the same time:

"Whoop-la, whoop-la! I have got it! I have got it! I'll beat that old miser yet."

"Got what?" shouted everybody in the room at once.

"Got him, you know—the old skinflint. I'll have him, by the shade of the great Confucius, or die in the attempt!"

"Explain yourself," said the returned traveler. This Dong did, after taking him aside, by recounting all his troubles from beginning to end, closing with an appeal for aid to defeat the wicked plan of Ju Dun. It was arranged and agreed upon that the traveler should make the machine talk like Quan King, the god who avenges wrongs, when Ju Dun should make his demand for payment of the debt. At the same time a dose of electricity—Edison's best—was to be administered to him as an alterative and mild emetic.

Word was sent to Ju Dun to meet Dong at the latter's residence (which was likewise the school) after dark, without fail.

The two conspirators got ready their machines in Dong's sitting room. The phonograph was set in a corner where it could be manipulated by the returned traveler behind a curtain with the box of condensed lightning beside him. The wires belonging to the last piece of mechanism were so laid on the arms of the guest's chair that any one sitting in it was sure to form a connection between them.

* * * * * * *

It was dark. The patrolman outside had just struck the first hour of the night watch when a knock was heard at the door. Dong answered the summons, and soon ushered the old usurer into his room. It was dimly lighted up with the stump end of a candle. There was on every side every evidence of poverty. A bed made of hard boards, surmounted by a mosquito bar, nearly filled one side of the apartment. A cheap table held all his books on the opposite side. Two stuff backed chairs stood beside the table, one of which Dong politely offered to his guest, while he took the other.

It was evident that Ju Dun was secretly exultant. Dong, of course, had sent for him to beg his mercy. There was no chance of his paying. There was a look in Ju's little black eyes which boded no good to anybody. However, a smile played around his mouth as he opened the discourse and came right down to business:

"My dear young friend, I suppose you are now ready to cancel the note. No? Then you know the alternative. You are a bankrupt, and I renounce"—

Suddenly a voice—a clear but unearthly voice—interrupted him with:

"You hoary headed old sinner, you low born caricature of a man, you old sucker of pebbles, do you know who I am? I am Quan King, the avenger of wrongs, the punisher and destroyer of just such pests as you. I have orders to kill you and take you to hell with me!"

At this point Ju Dun's face was a study, for the electric current was turned on by the conspirator behind the mosquito curtain. He grew as white as the best grade of flour. The sculptor of the Laocoon could not have desired a more horrified and agonized expression of countenance than the one Ju Dun exhibited for a model.

"Unless," continued the mysterious voice, "you tear up the note which this young man gave you, give him your daughter in marriage inside of a month with a suitable dowry and mend your grasping, blood sucking ways."

These words were enforced with a few more volts of electricity.

"I promise! I promise! Let me go, and I will tear up the note and do everything you command."

The current was broken off at this juncture. His hands now being free, Ju Dun thrust one of them into his pocket, brought out the piece of paper in question and tore it into hundreds of fragments with the other. Then turning to Dong, who had been watching the execution of his scheme in a state of mind vacillating between hope and fear, he bade him come to his house on the morrow to arrange for the wedding.

Ju Dun obeyed the god's commands to the very letter and to this day does not know how he had been tricked.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

NEW YEAR'S CALLING.

A Good Old Custom That Has Gone With Bygone Years.

The old custom of New Year's calling, which for many years has been falling into disfavor, seems this year deader than ever. Except in certain quarters and among certain classes whose social canons are neither new nor exacting, there will be no calling. The doors of society will be more tightly shut than ever tomorrow, and even the daintily ribboned basket at the doorbell will be missing, for the whole custom of exchanging greetings on the advent of the New Year is dead beyond the hope of resuscitation.

And it is an end which no sensible person regrets. What abuses it led to, what disgraceful scenes it rendered possible, what social outrages it sanctioned or tolerated, and how silly and disgusting it all became before society resolved to crush it out! The life of this deceased social function may be said to be coexistent with the life of the republic. As it existed in the earlier days it was, no doubt, both a pleasurable and profitable custom. It had its origin in France, but the custom became fully ingrafted upon the American social fabric during the last years of the preceding century. New York and the cities of the south were where it was clung to most tenaciously. The Puritans of New England paid little or no attention to the New Year's amenities. Thanksgiving day was their day, and they had as little use for New Year's day as for Christmas. And the same may be said of the Quakers in Philadelphia, with whom the custom of New Year's calling never did obtain general or cordial recognition. But among the descendants of the Dutch in New York and New Jersey and the cavaliers of Virginia the social functions of the new year were never lost sight of, and from them the custom spread to all portions of the country.—Exchange.

BOUNDING THE PARISH.

A Curious Old Time New Year's Custom of Great Britain.

Down to the present century a custom prevailed in many parts of Great Britain of "bounding the parishes," or "beating the bounds," on New Year's day. The custom was designed to keep in memory the parochial limits, and as maps had not come into use and surveys of Great Britain had not been made this primitive method of preserving parish boundaries was high in popular favor. A procession was formed, headed by the leading dignitaries of the parish, including the vestrymen and sometimes the parson. Liberal potations were indulged in, and a procession was formed composed of all who wanted to go and including a number of boys who did not want to go, but were taken per force. The procession then marched completely around the parish, and at certain specific points a halt was made, and a boy was whipped to make him remember the place.

Other curious scenes often occurred during the "bound beating." In one parish, near London, the line ran through a man's kitchen, and the whole procession every year came in at the door and went out by the window. On one occasion in London a hackney coach stood directly in the line of the procession, and the entire body of men and boys went in at one door and out at the other, volunteers holding the horse while this novel performance went on and mocking at the wrath of the unlucky driver, who beheld his coach almost ruined by the tread of hundreds of muddy feet.—Exchange.

Riding Stang.

A strange custom in the north of England on New Year's day slightly resembles the game for Easter week known as "heaving." It was called "riding stang." A stang is the same thing as a cowl staff. A cowl staff is a big staff for carrying a cowl, and a cowl is a water vessel with a handle, through which the staff is passed so that it may be carried by two men. Now, on New Year's day as many people as liked, men and women, came together in a crowd with stangs and baskets. Everybody who was not with the crowd was against it—that is to say, was its legitimate victim. When the victim was caught, if a man, he was mounted astride the stang, which was raised on the shoulders of two or more men, and, if a woman, she was put in a basket, which was held by the stang thrust through its handles. In either case the victim was carried to the nearest public house, where the price of release was sixpence.—New York Tribune.

A Picture of January.

In the old missals the month of January was pictorially represented by a white haired man clad in furs, bent with the cold and blowing on his fingers to warm them. He is standing almost knee deep in the snow, and a billet of wood, and sometimes an ax, is by his side.—Exchange.

FLY, ENVIOUS TIME.

THUS SANG MILTON OF THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Man and His Marvels Pass Away, but Tireless Time Rolls On—The Death of the Year Brings a Feeling of Sadness. A New Face at the Door.

Even now the gray dawn of the new year is peeping over the horizon. We can almost hear the bells tolling the midnight mass for the dying year:

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared.
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely!

Let us affect a gay spirit, if we will. There is an indescribable, unnamable sadness that comes over us all at this dying of the old year. There is a feeling of unspeakable dread, a sense of utter loneliness, that takes possession of our souls as the taper of the old year burns low. If a man ever feels the chill of the supernatural, it is at this time. One hears strange sounds and sees uncanny visions:

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll.
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul.
Pray, pray!"

So Longfellow dwelt mournfully on the passing of the old year, and in like manner did Tennyson bemoan its demise:

Full knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die.
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily—
Old year, you shall not die.

Step gently. Death is almost here:

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack, our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin,
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend—
A new face at the door!

And thus the old year dies and the new year reigns:

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven.

The New Year's day is breaking:

The wave is breaking on the shore,
The echo fading from the chime.
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial plate of time.

And time speeds on—that ever changing, tireless, crunching time; that time of which Milton sang in a voice that is now hushed by time:

Fly, envious time, till thou run out thy race!
Call on the lazy leaden stepping hours
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain
And merely mortal dross,
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain;
For, when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With truth and peace shall rest, and love shall dwell
About the supreme throne
Of him to whose happy making sight alone
When once our heavenly guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars we shall forever sit,
Triumphing over death and chance and thee,
O Time!

And so time goes on and has gone on for ages upon ages. Time chants:

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax
Are founded, flourish and decay.

Time has

• • • seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled.

But no matter how we bid the parting year farewell, or how we shall hail the new—no matter how we measure it—time keeps slowly but surely ticking away.

Time, like a brilliant stood with seven rays
And with a thousand eyes, imperishable,
Full of fecundity, bears all things onward.
On him ascend the learned and the wise.
Time, like a seven wheeled, seven naved car,
moves on.
His rolling wheels are all the worlds, his axle
Is immortality.

Each new year brings us nearer the earthly end, nearer the call of the faithful Bellman, who sings:

Along the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light
And the twinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulness call on
To the general session,
To whose dismal bar we there
All accounts must come to clear.
Scores of sins we've made here, many,
Wiped out few, God knows, if any.
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
To make pay..ents, while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone—
By the clock 'tis almost one.

—Chicago Record.

No Church Services In Scotland.

Ever since the reformation New Year's has absorbed the place of Christmas; but, strange to say, although the reformers in their zeal denounced Christmas as popish, they did not in any way encourage or countenance any religious services on New Year's day. The English peasant goes to church and returns to eat his Christmas dinner. His brother, the Scottish plowman, lets no thought of religious service enter into his enjoyment of the day. Most strange it is that a most pagan observance of a pagan feast has taken deepest root in Scotland, the home of the covenanters and cradle of theology, where the kirk still holds sway over the masses, and that the Scots, pre-eminently religious above all the nations, will have no church services enter into the enjoyment of their national feasts.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Scotch "First Footing."

In Scotland "first footing" was formerly universal. It was the Scottish name for New Year's calling. At a little before 12 o'clock young fellows would start out from home to "first foot" their sweethearts, and to be the first caller on New Year's day was deemed a good sign of success in courtship.—Selected.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

Why Cæsar's System Was Corrected by Pope Gregory XIII.

The present time measurement that is now used by nearly all nations is the remodeled system adopted by Julius Cæsar in the year 46 B. C. There were 354, 360 and 365 days in the Greek year at different times. Under Numa the Roman year had 355 days, and there was so much variance between the civil and the astronomical year that the autumn feasts were celebrated in the spring, and those of harvest in midwinter. Every second year an extra month, called Mercedonius, was added. This month had no certain length, but was arranged by the pontiffs as they saw fit, which naturally gave rise to corruption and fraud, interfering with the duration of office and the collection of debts. In order to restore the seasons to their proper months it was necessary for Cæsar to make the year in which he inaugurated the change contain 445 days. On the hypothesis that the astronomical year consisted of 365¼ days, he had each fourth year contain 366 days and the others 365. The extra day was added to the 24th of February, which was called Sexto-calendas, being the sixth before the calendo, or 1st of March, celebrated in honor of the expulsion of the kings. The additional day was placed next to this feast and known as Bis-sexto-calendas.

But this year of Cæsar was too long by 11 minutes and 13.95 seconds, or about three days in 400 years, so that by A. D. 1582 the error amounted to ten days at least. To correct this miscalculation, Pope Gregory XIII ordered that Oct. 5, 1582, should be known as Oct. 15, 1582, and to prevent a recurrence of the error it was arranged that three intercalary days should be omitted in four centuries—that is, one in each centenary year except the fourth. Thus 1600 was a leap year; 1700 and 1800 were not. The passing year 1896 was a leap year, and, under ordinary circumstances 1900 would be, but it will not be, in order to come under the rule of the Gregorian calendar. Therefore the years which have 366 days are, first, those that are exactly divisible by 4 and not of 100; second, those that are exactly divisible by 400 and not by 4,000; hence the year 2000 A. D. will be a leap year, and the only one in the series of the four centenary years.

All the Catholic countries adopted the Gregorian calendar as soon as the papal bull was issued, but it was not introduced into England and her colonies till 1752, the error then being 11 days. The dates previous to that change are referred to as old style, and sometimes given both ways — as Washington's birthday, Feb. 11-22.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Customs and Superstitions of Various Countries—Notable Events.

In Athens a new statue, either to a god or a hero, was erected and consecrated on the first day of every year.

Jan. 1515, Louis XII of France died. On the same day Ariosto died in 1773; Selvio Pellico, 1854.

In Silesia a peculiar kind of wine made from grapes and seasoned with honey and spices is used on New Year's day.

In the south of France it is customary for families of means to give their servants new suits on New Year's day.

The celebrated march of General Monk to London for the purpose of seating Charles II on the throne of England began Jan. 1, 1660.

In Norway there is a superstition that the kind of fish caught on New Year's day indicates the character of the fishing during the year.

The custom of watching out the old year and waiting for the new to begin prevails in many countries, if not in most of the civilized world.

Suetonius and Tacitus allude to the custom common in their time among the Romans of sending and receiving presents on New Year's day.

A special feature of New Year's day in ancient Babylon was the procession in honor of Baal. The king himself marched in this procession.

The first day of January was made the beginning of the new year in Holland, the Protestant districts of Germany and Russia, in the year 1700.

In Coventry, England, God cakes are made for New Year's day. They are triangular in shape, made of paste, inclosing a portion of mince meat.—Exchange.

An Old Orkney Custom.

In Deerness, in Orkney, it used to be the custom for a large company of the poorer people to go about from one farmhouse to another and at each one to sing a long song appropriate to the season. At each house a good supper was provided for them, and it is said that any farmer would feel deeply hurt if he were not visited. The guisers also used to go about in certain places in Scotland on New Year's eve to play a crude sort of drama at each house and to receive some slight reward for their efforts. The guisers were about the same as the Christmas mummers, and their play was about the same as that more commonly given at Christmas, which usually concerned St. George and various enemies whom he successively overcame, the most entertaining naturally being the dragon.—Exchange.

New Year's Resolutions.

Everybody knows how easy it is to make good resolutions on the 1st of January and how easy it is to break them on the 2d, provided they last till then. Making resolutions which are only to be broken is a bad custom. It is better that none should be made. But people of olden time used at the midnight between the two years to unbar the doors of their houses to let the old year out and the new year in. And so, without the undertaking of vows too easily broken, a bar might here or there be taken down for the passing away of some old evil habit or purpose or thought.—Selected

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

The Mongolians Who Live In New York Are a Fun Loving People.

The Chinese are a fun loving people in spite of their general air of indifference in the presence of strangers. They race up and down stairs or sometimes through the streets on a frolic, every man laughing until he is out of breath, pulling each other's hats and playing all manner of practical jokes on one another. I recently heard a great commotion in Doyers street on a hot Sunday afternoon, when the street was crowded with Chinamen, and, fearing trouble, hurried hastily to the place, only to find one man the butt of another man's joke, trying to get away from his pursuer, while about 600 laughing men joined in the fun and finally administered good natured justice to the perpetrator of the joke. At another time on Sunday afternoon I heard a sudden outcry and scuffle overhead, and the running of scores of feet. I ran into the hall, fearing that the building was on fire, and with a sickening dread at my heart for the Italian children in Bethany Sunday school, which was then in session in the mission rooms. I saw a man coming down stairs and asked him what was the matter. With a shrug of infinite disdain, he remarked, "Oh, my people too much like laugh," and passed on his way. It was only a schoolboy joke played by one group of men on another, followed by a general melee, in which shouts and laughter and the incessant clatter of wooden soles on board floors made us think of "pandemonium let loose."

Some of the keenest and purest humor and some of the wittiest sallies I have heard have fallen from the lips of Chinamen in lower New York. I well remember the amused and contemptuous look with which a Chinaman once said: "Melican man saves (understand) Chinaman allee same number one fool. Chinaman save Melican man allee same. Chinaman every time gettee top side Melican man"—which does not contain a reference to pugilism, but merely means that in a battle of wits the Chinaman "sees through" the American man and will come out on the "top side." They are very quick at repartee, and their black eyes will sparkle with amusement and fun if you jest with them or when they start the ball rolling among themselves.

They dwell together for years in the same apartments, happy and comfortable. They minister to one another in sickness, buy a relative or neighbor when dead without calling on public charities for help, and in the case of a relative assume the support of the family of the dead man when he is gone. Their peculiar—from our point of view—spend hours together in one another's apartments, conversing together, eating together, sometimes smoking the long water pipe, always with a pot of steaming tea between them. In two years I have seen thousands of each group, but never yet have I found three men drinking liquor together. I have found them drinking tea.

Set not always, gambling—have found them playing their musical instruments, which are harmonious to them, however much they may lack of melody to other ears, or have found them reading or discussing the last Hongkong or Shanghai daily, but I repeat I have never found them drinking liquor or in any degree under the influence of intoxicants.

The Chinaman celebrates his weddings, not by a drunken carouse, but by the finest feast that his pocketbook can command, to which not only his immediate relatives are invited, but all who have the slightest claim of friendship upon him. A Chinaman who was recently married in West street gave three large feasts in as many restaurants, entertaining several hundred people at each feast. He had gone into the round of his acquaintances and friends. Yet this man was not one of the most prosperous ones. A child's birthday is likewise celebrated with a feast, the wife entertaining her friends in the family home while her husband entertains his friends at his place of business or in a public restaurant.—The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in Century.

Parisian Restaurants.

Edward Conner, in a late issue of The Table of London, gives the history of some Parisian restaurants. In speaking of those of the lowest order, common in Paris 60 years ago, he mentions an establishment in the Rue de la Monteleris, wherein a table was fastened to the floor by solid posts. The bill was a long block of wood, in which holes were excavated and were lined with tin. Opposite each was a rustic stool for a seat. The patron upon taking his place had the hole in front of him filled with soup drawn from the boilers by means of a syringe arrangement. Before eating he was expected to pay. If he did not possess the wherewithal, the syringe was immediately brought into requisition, and the soup pumped back into the boilers. If the customer was able to respond with the needed coin, he was supplied with a hunk of bread. When the soup was consumed, the waiter threw into the hole in the table a lump of meat, which we cates or not, according to the soundness of the patron's teeth. Vict Frere, in the Latin Quarter, kept the favorite resort of poor students. Six hundred dined there daily. They nicknamed the proprietors empoisonneurs—poisoners. A soup cost 8 sous. For 6 sous more one could have the choice of beef, fowl, cutlet, omelet or roast beef. A small carafe of wine was served at the cost of 3 sous. Deserts could not be had at any price. The waiter received a tip of 1 sou. There was no limit to the quantity of bread, and napkins were expected to do service for an entire week. The napkins were washed by being stretched out, wetted and rubbed with a fiber brush, then placed one upon other. When a sufficient number had been accumulated, boards were laid on top and the waiters danced therein to extract the superfluous moisture.

Why Not?

He had some thoughts of proposing.
It was natural that his thoughts
should take some such course, for her
fortune was figured at something over
$1,000,000, while his was figured at
something less than $9.85 just at that
moment, although he probably wouldn't
have admitted it.

Then it was that the subject of conversation drifted around to engagement rings, and he mentioned that in some countries men wore them.

"And the size and custom of it all is," he said, "that the girls provide them."

"Yes?" she returned interrogatively.

"Oh, yes," he replied promptly. "I can show you extracts from books to prove it, in addition to referring you to people who know all about it themselves."

"What of it?" she asked somewhat coldly.

He was a trifle staggered by both the manner and the question, but he engaged himself to get the best of it.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered, "only it doesn't seem exactly natural."

"Not natural thing in the world," she asserted.

"Aw, now, you don't really think that's exactly the proper thing, do you?" he asked, rather disconcerted.

"Why not?"

He made a hasty effort to collect his thoughts and then suggested that it seemed to be expecting too much of a girl.

"Such things seem to come more gracefully from the men," he said.

"Perhaps you're right," she answered, "but it's a mere trifle anyway, and I suppose we might as well get used to it. The bride has to furnish practically everything else for the modern fashionable wedding, including a dowry that's big enough for two, with additions for the night she will furnish the ring too."

He didn't propose—not just then. He deemed it wise to give the matter further thought.—Exchange.

Puritan Housewives.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, in her "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," has given us a picture of the trials and tribulations of Puritan housewives at that period. One extract, expressed in the quaint language of the period, will touch a sympathetic chord at the present day. It relates to experience with a domestic, told in the days when a newly married woman to her mother. The writer acquaints her parent with the trouble she has given and expense to through the vicious conduct of a maid. When the latter first came to service, she, as is not uncommon, made objections that a treasure had been discovered. In a short time, however, she was revealed in her light, and, according to the young bride, developed "such a head and is grown so insolent that her master and wife, and especially myself, is insufferable." If she be ordered to do a certain thing, she bids her mistress to do it herself, "or be content in telling how well she can perform her duty if she is so minded, but will not actually perform it."

The daughter records from repeating to her mother "all the reviling speeches and flirts which she has used toward me." The lady's husband, who is apparently a man of deep Christian convictions, endeavors to use the twofold cue and endeavors to reason with the recalcitrant maid. He is assailed with "reproachful language" and "flirts" in a private letter. He retires discomfited and seeks consolation presumably in prayer. He then gives a solemn fine or fire months ago engaged a kitchen maid in an isolated rural locality, encouraged by the same experience as the Puritan housewife of 150 years or more ago, although in this case the man of the household is the agent of a kind, lowly temper and brought the lightning rod almost to the melting point through the fervor of his language.

The Sultan Is Not the Caliph.

The Islamic world is divided into two great divisions—the Sunni Mohammedans, who occupy the Turkish empire, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Persia, Afghanistan, Egypt and the Sudan, and the Khanates of central Asia and the Shiah Mohammedans, who occupy Persia and are scattered all over the Mohammedan world, some 6,000,000 of them being in India. By the doctrine of the latter the caliph must be a lineal descendant of the prophet. The Sunnis, on the other hand, do not insist on this, but it is an article of necessary faith in Sunni theology and law that the caliph must be a member of the tribe belonging to Mohammed's tribe. On this point there is absolutely no difference in the Mohammedan world, and there are no two insignificant sects out of the hundreds of sects into which Mohammedanism is divided.

One proof test is the Friday prayer. In no country out of Turkey is prayer offered up for the sultan of Turkey. To do so would be an act of sedition and treated as such. I would not give much for the life of the soldier who was able to respond with the needed coin, he was supplied with a hunk of bread. When the song was censured, the waiter threw into the hole in the table a lump of meat, which we cates or not, according to the soundness of the patron's teeth. Vict Frere, in the Latin Quarter, kept the favorite resort of poor students. Six hundred dined there daily. They nicknamed the proprietors empoisonneurs—poisoners. A soup cost 8 sous. For 6 sous more one could have the choice of beef, fowl, cutlet, omelet or roast beef. A small carafe of wine was served at the cost of 3 sous. Deserts could not be had at any price. The waiter received a tip of 1 sou. There was no limit to the quantity of bread, and napkins were expected to do service for an entire week. The napkins were washed by being stretched out, wetted and rubbed with a fiber brush, then placed one upon other. When a sufficient number had been accumulated, boards were laid on top and the waiters danced therein to extract the superfluous moisture.

Put Like a Woman.

Clement Howell was sprinting home the other evening when he saw a young woman in advance of him patting in her best laps for the same destination. He knew she had run over to the drug store on the corner and probably left the front door of the house open as a sort of protection. And she carried her pocketbook loosely in her hand.

Howell saw a chance for a lesson. She heard his steps, but did not recognize his particular hoof beat and believed that it was the footfall of her husband did, for she was happily married, as the novels say. But when a hand suddenly reached behind and seized her pocketbook, which she was easily persuaded to give up, she snote the evening air with screams a yard and a half long.

"Don't shoot!" she yelled. "Take my money, but spare, oh, spare my life!"

"Hush up!" said the voice of her husband. "You'll have the police here."

Sure enough, one of the force grasped the smart Clement by the collar and wrested the pocketbook from him.

"I had my eye on you, young feller, and I'll have you in the patrol wagon in a jiffy."

"But it's a joke. This lady is my wife," protested Clem.

"Tell that to the judge," said the copper, with a sly wink. Then, to the young woman, who had stopped screaming, "Here's your pocketbook, miss, and you'll be summoned as a witness."

"Oh, he is my husband! He only wanted to frighten me," she sobbed.

A good deal of explaining had to be done before the policeman would relinquish his hold. Then Clement Howell told his wife that she could see how easy it was for a robber to snatch her purse when she was so careless as to carry it in her hand.

"I should have hated awfully to lose it," she said, "for it was your Christmas present to me."

"How much was in it?" asked her husband.

"Not a single cent."—Detroit Free Press.

The "Shooters" Cured the Snake Bite.

In front of the big commissary store at Fairford, Ala., is a long, wide gallery that affords a pleasant refuge for a numerous gathering of males of the neighborhood who have nothing to do but to come there and talk. The following tale was told by a lean, cadaverous old man:

"Did y' ever hear," said he, "about how Hank Beasley got hit down in the Bigbee bottoms by a big blunt tail moccasin and how he got rid of the pizen without nary drop of whisky and no doctor? Well, he a-goin 'long down through the swamp barefoot, his pants rolled up to his knees, a-keepin his eye peeled for cypress w. ms and log soon as the water got high enough, when he steps square on to the snake, which he never quited round his bare leg and bit him three times 'fore Hank could kick it loose. Hank just set into cussin' awful, a-dancin' around on the ground and Martin Duffy's shack, where he knowed there was a jug of whisky. Martin and his wife was terrible skeert and not payin much 'tention to things in his way, just givin his whole soul to fast cussin, when he tested his hand 'gin a low limb and got knocked silly. He fell over a log and lay there, his feet h'isted up in the air stop the leg and his arm head layin down in the warm mud, knowin nothin, while 'bout a billion skeeters settled down on him, and not 'tention special to them bit places on his legs, where the blood was runnin 'em seein to get it. Bimeby Hank come to and riz up, feelin mighty weak and dizzy. He looked round, and the first thing he see was bushels of dead skeeters lyin in a big gray pile up agin that leg, where his legs had been restin, and they'd stopped the last drop of that pizen outen Hank, which was why they was dead. It saved him, and he ain't felt no more misery nor trouble, only he'd got so much blood 'long with the pizen that he was weak and tottery for more than a month."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Persia Was Saved.

A lesson might have been learned from the war of the Revolution—for in that war the capital of the country was changed no fewer than nine times and the British armies marched from one end of the 13 colonies to the other and yet America was not conquered—or from that greatest defensive war of ancient or modern times wherein Frederick II of Prussia maintained the independence of his country against combined continental Europe. With the Austrian army in front, the Russians on his flanks, and the Russians and the Swedes pillaging his capital in his rear not a battalion of his army would have left, merely to hold territory. For six of these seven bloody years he did not even see his capital. Yet he always protected the capital take care of themselves. The heart of Prussia is her army!" And so, by attacking and retreating, marching and countermarching, delivering terrible blows whenever he could strike to advantage, he always kept his men together and preventing his enemies from concentrating, he fought on, furiously, secretly, until the fortune of war changed and the last foe was driven from his country. For himself he won the well deserved title of "the great." Prussia he saved from the fate of Poland, and for all succeeding ages he showed how a defensive war against superior numbers ought to be fought. Such were the results of the policy of concentration.—Dunman Rose in Century.

Worthy of His Namesake.

The popular journalist, Charles Lamb Kenney, namesake of the great Charles Lamb, while dining with a friend, happened to swallow a bit of cork with his wine. He was immediately seized with a severe fit of coughing. His next neighbor at a table, making a brilliant attempt at a joke, said, "My friend, that's not the way to Cork." "No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenney."—Voice.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5616 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Hensly, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1203 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 593 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 605 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch 620 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Door-keeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.

Vice President, Michael Tuohy.

Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 909 S. Peoria-st.

Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.

Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.

Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.

Vice President, Thomas McHugh.

Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.

Financial Secretary, James Regan.

Treasurer, William C. Moore.

Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Dearing-st.

Vice President, James J. Perkins.

Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 120 W. Ninth-st.

Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.

Treasurer, Thomas Lyons.

Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Halsey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.

Vice President, William Loftus.

Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, 3 Palmer House.

Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.

Treasurer, William McAvoy.

Meets Second First Sunday each at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 467 W. Fifteenth st.

Vice President, William Martin.

Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 66 Dickens.

Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.

Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.

Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton.

Vice President, John Doody.

Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.

Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.

Treasurer, Martin Fanning.

Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washington-av.

Vice President, Patrick Behan.

Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2708 Hickory-st.

Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.

Treasurer, Mark Hurley.

Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st, at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.

Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.

Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.

Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.

Treasurer, Hugh Hoolihan.

Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.

Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.

Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 552 Ninety-fifth-st.

Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.

Treasurer, Owen Ahern.

Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.

Vice President, James Small.

Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 7325 Wentworth-av.

Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.

Treasurer, William Webb.

Meets First Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p.m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.

Vice President, James F. Murray.

Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.

Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.

Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.

Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month at Schor hall, Grand ave and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, P. J. Conroy, 495 Thirty-fifth-st.

Vice President, J. F. Lyons.

Recording Secretary, M. J. Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth-av.

Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.

Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.

Meets First and Third Mondays each month in Douglas hall, S. E. corner of Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av. at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.

Vice President, P. F. Conway.

Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.

Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.

Treasurer, S. J. Maloney.

Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.

Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.

Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.

Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.

Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.

Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 3341 Morgan st.

Vice President, John Henry.

Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5011 Halsted st.

Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.

Treasurer, Michael Duffy.

Meets First Sunday of each month in Meilhausen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5618 Justine st.

Vice President, Patrick McMahon.

Recording Secretary, Jas. Flanagan, 811 E. Fifty-fifth st.

Financial Secretary, Patrick Meanoy.

Treasurer, John J. McGinty.

Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4632 Ashland avenue, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2880 Fifth avenue.

Vice President, Lawrence Heesly.

Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 2911 Wallace st.

Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.

Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.

Meets First Wednesday and Third Sunday each month in Leddy's hall, 3 9. st. and Wentworth av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.

Vice President, James Collins.

Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West 21st st.

Financial Secretary, James Donovan.

Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.

Meets First Friday of each month in Schoenhofen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4257 Dyrex street

Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.

Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 8435 Emerald av.

Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.

Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.

Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

Vice President, Michael Sullivan.

Recording Secretary, John A. Quinlan, 109 Twenty-sixth st.

Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.

Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.

Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.

Vice President, Ed O'Connor.

Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Weed st.

Financial Secretary, James Gayer.

Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.

Recording Secretary, Meets Fridays of each month in Kushl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.

Vice President, J. S. Carrier.

Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.

Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.

Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.

Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.

Vice President, John McGoughan.

Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4346 Wood st.

Financial Secretary, James McCann.

Treasurer, Patrick Grace.

Meets First Sunday of each month in Schaumacher's hall, 4630 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.

Vice President, Michael Galvin.

Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.

Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.

Treasurer, Patrick Cloon.

Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25A.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.

Vice President, John D. Maloney.

Recording Secretary, Thos. Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.

Financial Secretary, James Egan.

Treasurer, John T. Conway.

Meets First Sunday at 2 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p.m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.

Vice President, Thomas McNaulty.

Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 545 Bristol st.

Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.

Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.

Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.

Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.

Recording Secretary, Frank J. Moore, 36 S Western av.

Financial Secretary, Michael Larcey

Treasurer, John Larcey.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 1110 West Polk st.

Vice President, James Tracy.

Recording Secretary, E. Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.

Financial Secretary, E. A. Creighton.

Treasurer, William Byrne.

Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco sts.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Kaya, 2393 116th st., Kensington.

Vice President, John Maguire.

Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1326, Pullman, Ill.

Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.

Treasurer, Charles Corkery.

Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 7 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10610 Cabourn av.

Vice President, P. J. Conway.

Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10908 Torrence av.

Financial Secretary, John Conlin.

Treasurer, C. Duffy.

Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., 7:30 p.m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 611 Park av

Vice President, James O'Neill.

Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1006 West Lake st.

Financial Secretary, Arthur McGlinn.

Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.

Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 32.

President, Cornelius Flynn, 107 Austin av.

Vice President, E. T. Walsh.

Recording Secretary, M. McLaughlin, 315 Carroll av.

Financial Secretary, John Coogan.

Treasurer, Thomas O'Brien.

Meets in Nora's hall, Northeast corner Ohio and Green sts.

DIVISION 33.

President, Patrick Ryan, 6512 Cottage Grove av.

Vice President, John Callaghan.

Recording Secretary, Luke O'Keefe, 6507 Cottage Grove av.

Financial Secretary, John Foley.

Treasurer, Patrick Joyce.

Meets First and Third Tuesdays each month in Forester hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.

Vice President, Michael O'Brien.

Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3423 Emerald st.

Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.

Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.

Meets First and Third Sundays each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

Vice President, John J. Dwyer.

Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahan, 5483 Lake av.

Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.

Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.

Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Begley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Hermore st.

Vice President, Thomas Kelly.

Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6426 Morgan st.

Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.

Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.

Meet Second Thursday of each month in Brounestad's Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22. A. O. H.

President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.

Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.

Recording Secretary, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.

Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beenan.

Treasurer, Mrs. M. Deens.

Meet the 3d and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Lemont, Ill.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis street.

First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan, Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Connolly.

First Lieutenant, James Thomas.

Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 33.

President, L. Hensly, 3244 Gravel place.

Vice President, Emma Lonergan.

Recording Secretary, Helen Hensly, 3244 Gravel place.

Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.

Treasurer, Jane Cummings.

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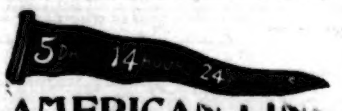

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